



# *The Improvement Era* *Centennial*

FEBRUARY 1947

VOLUME 50 NUMBER 2  
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED  
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

MINIMUM RECOMMENDATIONS FOR NORMAL,  
AVERAGE HOT WATER REQUIREMENTS

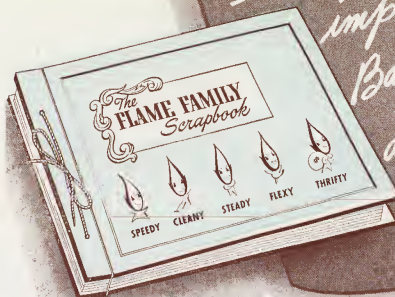
Number Bathrooms	Number Bedrooms	Storage Capacity, Gallons
1	1 or 2	30
1	3 or 4	40
2	2 or 3	40
2	4 or 5	50
3	3	50
3 or 4	4 or 5	75

*Plenty of Hot Water—  
important to  
Baby's health  
and comfort!*



A square white Colonial house with a red roof and a white picket fence in front of it. The house is surrounded by green grass and trees. The text 'Mother' is written in a cursive font above the illustration.

A PAGE FROM  
THE FLAME  
FAMILY  
SCRAPBOOK



**H**ot water faucets need never run cold in your home

... no, not even if you have a growing family. Building now? Planning to build? Then *insist on* an automatic GAS water heater of ample capacity for home laundry machine, automatic dishwasher, bathing, shaving, cleaning... every household need. See chart, above. Remodeling? Ask your contractor or dealer to follow the chart in replacing your old water heater with a modern "gas automatic." This water heater sizing chart was prepared by a committee of experts for *your* protection, and endorsed by the entire gas industry of the West. Ask your plumber-dealer.

*The West Prefers*

**GAS**



QUICK • CLEAN • DEPENDABLE • FLEXIBLE • ECONOMICAL

**MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY COMPANY**  
*Serving Twenty-six Utah and Wyoming Communities*



# EXPLORING The UNIVERSE

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

CHILDREN of alcoholic fathers or mothers do not inherit their parents' desire for alcohol, Dr. Anna Roe has found in a study of children who had been reared in foster homes. If the alcoholic parents rear their own children, twenty to thirty percent become alcoholics, other studies have found.

IMPROVED stereoscopic motion pictures do not require special glasses for the eyes of the spectators. The invention of Semyon Ivanov, a calibrated screen has two films showing the same scene, but from different angles, which are projected at the same time by the usual machines. Properly focused, the films give the effect of a three-dimensional picture. About one hundred twelve miles of wire are required to make a screen of twenty-five square yards made by 36,000 fine copper wires running in three directions conforming to certain calculations. Instead of wire, thousands of very thin lenses with a conical surface can be fitted on a large mirror, with a total weight of up to a ton.

BY soaking onion seeds for eighteen minutes in water heated to 122° F. before planting, Russian agriculturists have been able to plant onions for shorter growing season climates because the treatment causes sprouting to be ten times faster.

CRYSTAL, pure crystalline quartz, receives its name from the Greek word for ice because it was supposed to be snow and ice buried for so long under great pressure that it was so hardened that it would never melt.

A NEW anti-malarial drug, SN 7618, has been announced in Washington, D.C., which is said to be more effective than quinine or atabrine. Chemically a member of the four aminoquinoline series, it gets its number because it was the 7618th of fourteen thousand compounds tested. Of the huge number tested at a cost of seven million dollars, only ten percent had any anti-malarial value, and of these only eighty were suitable to try on human beings. Tried on about three thousand patients, and not yet available for the general public, the drug works best on white patients, with no yellowing of the skin, and gives quicker relief with fewer doses than atabrine.

IN a termite colony the queen may lay as many as fifty thousand eggs in a day.

*They go  
together!*



**Saltines**  
with  
Roquefort  
and  
jelly!

Clever hostess! Her Valentine Party's a huge success, climaxed with an unusual and delicious treat... fresh, crispy Saltines spread with creamy Roquefort and tart jelly.



*Saltine  
Wafers*  
by  
**PURITY**

PURITY BISCUIT COMPANY • SALT LAKE



## The Cover

FROM an actual photograph of Nauvoo, Charles Jacobsen made this composite photograph drawing, depicting the tragedy of the exodus from the "City Beautiful," leaving behind homes, treasured possessions, and, above all, the temple, where sacred ordinances had been performed. Rather than deny the faith that burned within them, the Saints willingly faced the rigors of a bitter winter, with the promise of an arduous trek across the plains. February is the month of the beginning of the exodus from Nauvoo.

★

**Editors**  
George Albert Smith  
John A. Widtsoe

**Managing Editor**  
Richard L. Evans

**Associate Editor**  
Marba C. Josephson

**General Manager**  
George Q. Cannon

**Associate Manager**  
Lucy G. Cannon

**Business Manager**  
John D. Giles

**Editorial Associates**  
Elizabeth J. Moffitt  
Albert L. Zobell, Jr.  
Harold Lundstrom

**National Advertising Representatives**  
Francis M. Mayo,  
Salt Lake City  
Edward S. Townsend,  
San Francisco and  
Los Angeles  
Dougan and Balle,  
Chicago and  
New York

**Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations**

# The Improvement Era

FEBRUARY 1947

VOLUME 50, NO. 2

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Department of Education, Music Committee, Ward Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

★

## The Editor's Page

The One Hope of All Nations.....George Albert Smith 75

## Church Features

How the Desert Was Tamed—Part II.....John A. Widtsoe 76  
Charles A. Callis ..... 78  
A Time of Want.....Weston N. Nordgren 84

Winter Quarters Created, Albert L. Zobell, Jr. .... 72	Olsen ..... 104
Brigham Young Said ..... 68	Priesthood: Melchizedek ..... 106
"Knock, and It Shall Be Opened," Mathol D. Hale..... 88	Aaronic ..... 108
The Church Moves On ..... 94	Ward Teaching ..... 109
Field Photos ..... 102, 112, 119	No-Liquor-Tobacco Column..... 107
Lady Cow Clothes, Eugene	Genealogy ..... 110
	M Men-Gleaner Activity..... 112
	Pioneer Day Celebration..... 125

## Special Features

Yale School Evades One Cause of Alcoholism.....  
The Bible and Speech.....J. Raymond Schmidt 79  
The Church Welfare Movement.....Calvin T. Ryan 85  
Creating Interest in the Classroom.....Robert McOmie 86  
Nature's Chorus.....M. Lynn Bennion 87  
The Spoken Word from Temple Square.....Alice W. Norton 89  
.....Richard L. Evans 92, 113  
Let's Talk It Over.....Mary Brentnall 97

Exploring the Universe, Franklin S. Harris, Jr. .... 65	Homing: Why, Mother? Helen Gregg Green ..... 98
Maverick Pine Nuts, Marian G. Nielson ..... 67	Cook's Corner, Josephine B. Nichols ..... 99
Patterns of Progress, Frederick C. Wolters, Jr. .... 68	Are You a Second? Alfred I. Tooke ..... 100
These Times, G. Homer Durham ..... 70	Sand Is Drifting On Us, Arthur Wallace ..... 104
Religious Attitudes of Noted Men, Leon M. Strong..... 74	Care of Farm Machinery..... 105
You Are Your Jack Sears..... 88	A Week of Sunday School, Ronda Walker ..... 124
On the Bookrack ..... 90	Your Page and Ours ..... 128

## Editorials

Report on Alcohol .....John A. Widtsoe 96

## Stories, Poetry

"Two Is Company".....Mary Ek Knowles 80  
Hole in the Rock—Chapter II.....Anna Prince Redd 82  
Frontispiece: Mailbox, Marjane Morris ..... 73  
Salt Lake City, Hope Horsfall ..... 89  
Poetry Page ..... 91  
Request for Strawberry Jam, Elaine V. Emans ..... 102  
Rain Sketch, Grace Sayre..... 110



THE names George Washington and Abraham Lincoln signify freedom to liberty-loving people the world around. The best proof of honor to them would be a re-dedication to the principles for which they labored: that of the liberation of all men from tyranny and slavery.

★

### Change of Address:

Fifteen days' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please include address slip from a recent issue of the magazine. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new one is included.

### Executive and Editorial Offices:

50 North Main Street,  
Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Copyright 1947 by Mutual Funds, Inc., a Corporation of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All rights reserved. Subscription price, \$2.00 a year, in advance; 20¢ single copy.

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1102, Act of October 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

The Improvement Era is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but welcomes contributions.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.



# MAVERICK PINE NUTS

By Marian Gardner Nielson

STOPPING between the Bears' Ears was really folly on our part, for Maverick Point was still several miles away, and the pine nuts waiting to be picked up were open invitations to all the squirrels and chipmunks on Elk Mountain. I even suspected that all the rustling in the dry brush-oak and the dropping of the bluish berries from the smoky-gray cedars, were not due to the spiteful north breeze at all, but to these thrifty rodents scurrying down to Maverick Point for our pine nuts. One striped little fellow—and a saucy chipmunk he was, too—jumped upon a red rock by the road and eyed me impertinently. When I reached for a stick, he vanished, smirking. I felt bested in that encounter!

It wasn't the purple Navajo Mountains to the southwest that intrigued Virginia, for they were too far away to assume importance in her four-year-old eyes, but it was the red road, jostling the cedars away with its shoulders and pushing through the sagebrush across Grand Flat to the Natural Bridges. El Capitan, the guardian sentinel of Monument Valley was the inspiration for volleys of questions, flung down into the shimmering haze of Indian summer, from the flat rock where the two older children sat. The bluffs across the San Juan River drowns through the filmy haze. A sunlit ladder of rain touched its lower rungs in the bottom of White Canyon, a fitting descent to the Augusta Natural Bridge.

It was only when Babe Deer's squaw and two other Utes rode up through the pass, that we finally coasted off into the fairyland before us. The children gazed back curiously at the two squaws riding astride their small, wiry ponies bouncing serenely up and down in their saddles, wide grins on their faces. It seemed queer to us that Molly Deer, delicate, refined, and an artist, could be that coarse squaw's daughter. It started a train of questions that halted only when we reached Maverick Point.

I let the children help with the pine nuts. The first little while was fascinating—filling old cans and tin cups with the mottled brown nuts, and emptying them slowly into the flour sacks left conveniently near. The novelty wore off when knees became tender, and pine gum stuck tenaciously to rosy cheeks and blond braids. But when the big tarps were spread under the trees, and the tiny hard nuts rained from the branches which Joe shook, ambition surged again on Maverick.

I left them arguing amiably about who had picked up the most nuts, and followed the rocky trail to the spring—Maverick Spring. The water was piped into troughs, rough-hewn pine log troughs and was as clear and cold as my imagination had remembered it. The pine nuts lay thick on the ground,

and cactus spines stuck in my fingers as I tried greedily to get a few extra large nuts that had fallen in a bed of hardy cactus. A white-faced steer stared at me bewildered, its comical expression so like a man I knew that I burst into laughter.

And at that sound, everything was stilled; the little disturbing hum of the deer fly, the rustling of the dry oak brush, even the deep voiced pine trees stopped their wailing. In the almost terrifying silence, I slipped quietly away from the spring and walked over to the rim, glancing back surreptitiously once or twice. Suddenly I noticed that sound of the pines had again become part of that October day.

I could hear the children as they called to each other up the slope, and Joe answered them. I stepped out onto the rim, and my breath quickened at the beauty around me. It was the same scene we had marveled over at the Bears' Ears, but changed, glorified, spread at my feet. My eyes sought, and found, a faded red ribbon winding through the cedars. Just a bit of an old road, an almost obliterated trail, a faded written line of a stalwart people.

THE old "Mormon" road! A boulevard, after the trails and washes and near-tragedy of the Hole-in-the-Rock, those fifty-eight years ago. I could see Aunt Mary, then only a bride of a year, worrying and fretting about the cares and misfortunes of others, wondering if the scouts at the head of the wagon train were sufficiently clad to protect them from the penetrating wind; Grandpa, a serious, blond, Danish boy of eight, carrying his little bundle of sticks for the noon fire, and watching out in his quiet way for Grandma; a six-year-old wayward child petted and spoiled by the whole company; the more sedate Platte Lyman, his sunburned and peeling visage, looking into a vivid future for this country of red rocks, flat mesas, and little water; and over them all the aura of serenity and sacrifice, of a message heeded and a journey undertaken into a hostile Navajo country, infested with lawless cowboys and vindictive outlaws, because they were called "to come in peace to the Indians." Other dim figures struggled along that road, their haggard faces filled with dreams of a permanent home and an abiding peace.

It was that night around the blazing campfire of quaking aspen logs that we heard again the story of this land of magnificent distances. The children listened drowsily and nodded at remembered names and scenes. Then, after the pine nuts had been weighed and resacked and the pine gum washed off with butter, and the children had fallen asleep under the stars, we old-

(Concluded on page 113)

## M-m-m! TROUT for Breakfast!



COMES A GRINNING WAITER,  
DEFTLY BALANCING HIS TRAY!

With a flourish he sets before you a platter of mountain trout, hot, crisp and savory. You spoon up some of the melted butter in which they swim and anoint their golden brown sides, while your taste buds dance to the chef's artistry.

Friend, that's the way to run a railroad.

So come aboard Western Pacific and make your next trip on the railroad that gives you more smileage for your money. Western Pacific is the direct route to San Francisco through the Feather River Canyon.



For information call

H. R. COULAM, General Agent  
48 SOUTH MAIN ST., SALT LAKE CITY  
PHONE 4-8551

# BRIGHTER DISHES WHITER CLOTHES LIGHTER HOUSEWORK



*New*  
**SUPER KENU...**  
gives you all three—  
faster, simpler and more  
economically too!

"Lightens Housework  
Through Chemistry"

With new Super Kenu you get the usefulness of many different cleaners...the convenience of one. • Scientific pH Control gives Super Kenu amazing cleaning power yet keeps it safe for finest fabrics and finishes—gentle to tender hands.

Get Super Kenu in the thrifty 2 lb. box  
at your grocer's today!

## Brigham Young Said:

MARK our settlements for six hundred miles in these mountains and then mark the path that we made coming here, building the bridges and making the roads across the prairies, mountains, and canyons! We came here penniless in old wagons, our friends back there telling us to "take all the provisions you can get and no more! Take all the seed grain you can, for you can get none there! Take all the farming implements you can, for you can get none there!" We did this, and in addition to all this, we have gathered all the poor we could, and the Lord has planted us in these valleys, promising that He would hide us up for a little season until His wrath and indignation passed over the nations. Will we trust the Lord? Yes.—*Journal of Discourses*, xiii:216.

THE reason we have no poor who are able to work is because we plan to set every person to work at some profitable employment, and teach them to maintain themselves. If a person is not able to take care of himself, we will take care of him.—*Journal of Discourses*, viii:145.

WE wish strangers to understand that we did not come here out of choice, but because we were obliged to go somewhere, and this was the best place we could find. It was impossible for any person to live here unless he labored hard and battled and fought the elements, but it was a first-rate place to raise Latter-day Saints, and we shall be blessed in living here, and shall yet make it like the Garden of Eden; and the Lord Almighty will hedge about his Saints and will defend and preserve them if they will do his will. The only fear I have is that we will not do right; if we do, we will be like a city set on a hill: our light will not be hid.—*Journal of Discourses*, xiv:121.

IN the days of Joseph we have sat many hours at a time conversing about this very country. Joseph has often said, "If I were only in the Rocky Mountains with a hundred faithful men, I would then be happy, and ask no odds of mobocrats."—*Journal of Discourses*, xi:16.

The Deseret News of February 15, 1870, reads in part:  
The Municipal Election of yesterday [February 14, 1870] ought to satisfy everybody unless there were some desirous of a row. . . . A few ladies exercised their right to vote . . . and we believe the first one who recorded her vote was Miss Seraph Young, daughter of B. H. Young, Esq.

## PATTERNS OF PROGRESS BY FREDRICK C. WOLTERS, JR.

THE CHURCH  
M-MEN  
BASKETBALL LEAGUE  
IS REGARDED AS THE  
LARGEST IN THE WORLD!



TRADITION SAYS  
PLASTER ON THE  
KIRTLAND TEMPLE  
SHONE IN THE SUN  
BECAUSE IT CONTAINED  
BITS OF BROKEN  
CHINA COLLECTED  
BY THE WOMEN  
OF THE CHURCH

*Seraph Young,*

GRANDNIECE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG,  
WAS THE FIRST WOMAN TO VOTE  
IN THE UNITED STATES!

WOLTERS

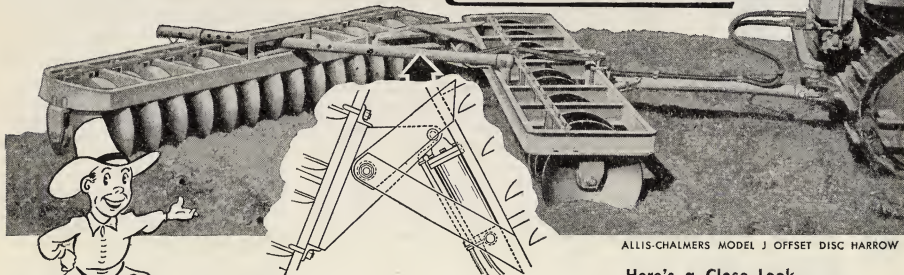




# New! HYDRAULIC CONTROL

## In a Fully Engineered Offset Disc Harrow

# HYDRO-OFFSET



ALLIS-CHALMERS MODEL J OFFSET DISC HARROW

Here's a Close Look  
at the Significance of

### "FULLY ENGINEERED"

- ★ Disc gang assembly quickly removable as a unit by loosening only four bolts.
- ★ Accurate alignment and easy interchange of disc gang parts made possible by machined surfaces of mounting pads and spacing spools.
- ★ Amount of offset quickly adjustable to three settings (four on large sizes) by removing only two pins.
- ★ Rear gang trailing position adjustable through 14-inch range.
- ★ Clean-cut design, no projections. Frame ends contour cast for smooth limb shedding.
- ★ EQUIPPED WITH TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS THROUGHOUT.

You just touch a control lever and experience the sensation of *engineered* deep tillage equipment! Hydraulic power does all the heavy control work — with exactness.

This disc opens almost instantly . . . closes equally fast . . . can be partially opened or closed to any degree at a touch. No ropes, chains or levers to wrestle.

Hydraulic cylinder is double-acting, holds disc under full, responsive control at all times. Turning . . . heavy trash or soft spots . . . are now handled with ease and dispatch.

Entirely new, simplified center hinge rotates on tapered roller bearings, delivers great stability in operation. Disc gangs, fitted with famous Allis-Chalmers positive oil seal, require lubrication *only when blades are replaced!*

HYDRO-OFFSET is manufactured in sizes to match all Allis-Chalmers HD series crawler tractors.

### ★ SQUADRONS

© 1947

ALLIS-CHALMERS • Tractor Division • Milwaukee 1, U. S. A.

Watch for Announcement by Your Allis-Chalmers Dealer!



### Controlled with All the Ease of a Single Unit

Complete and remarkable flexibility of HYDRO-OFFSET squadrons permits effective work over rough terrain — meeting both irrigated and dry land conditions. One-lever operates both hydraulic cylinders at once. Hitch is short-coupled for new ease of control and efficiency in close quarters.

## ALLIS-CHALMERS

# DEEP TILLAGE TOOLS

Engineered and Built in the West

# Ski HEADQUARTERS



## For the Skier's Paradise!

Because the Hotel Utah is within an hour's drive of Utah's major ski resorts, the Hotel Utah has had the pleasure of entertaining skiers from all over the world.

We are delighted that we have been established as in-  
termountain Ski Headquarters. We're doing our best to make skiers welcome, and providing extra services to anticipate your needs and desires.

You're invited to make the Hotel Utah your headquarters while skiing in Utah!



GUY TOOMBES, Managing Director

# THESE TIMES



By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM  
Director of the Institute of Government,  
University of Utah

IN 1947, it seems, we are our brother's keeper. And who is our brother? Jesus Christ, answering this question, replied with the matchless tale of the Good Samaritan.

THERE is meaning, for those with understanding, in the adjective "good." Why not simply call it the story of "The Samaritan"? or, "A Certain Man of Samaria"? or, "An Adventure on the Jericho Road"? But we do not. Tradition, marked with usage and meaning, has made historic the appellation, "Good Samaritan." There is much of significance in this because it was the accepted belief of Jesus' listeners that "Good" and "Samaritan" were contradictions in terms. Hence, the title "Good Samaritan" carries subtle import.

THE Good Samaritan was the man who did what needed to be done after a priest and a Levite, both symbols of utter respectability, had "passed by on the other side." The lessons are manifold and obvious.

THE religious life is meaningless unless, with mercy, that is done which needs to be done. Witness the priest and the Levite.

RECENTLY, in addressing sessions of the American Political Science Association, Professor William McGovern of Northwestern University, concluded with a statement that what America and the world need is a "living religion." That statement has meaning for the question of the brotherhood of man.

LITERALLY interpreted, the doctrine of the brotherhood of man implies that the dark head-hunter of New Guinea, being a man, is our brother; that God is his Father as well as of the Anglo-American lawyer in Wichita, Kansas. John L. Lewis, as well as Senator Taft, is also our brother, together with V. M. Molotov, James F. Byrnes, Ibn Saud, and Zionist terrorists. Rita Hayworth, Dorothy Thompson, "Tokyo Rose," German *fräuleins*, and the mate of the New Guinea head-hunter fall in the same category of our sisters. We might also add the Madams Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung.

WELL, brother, sister, what would you do if you could write the tick-

et for this brotherhood? Including the atom bomb?

IN 1947 the ticket is largely being written by the political institutions of the United States of America, the Soviet Union, and of the British Empire, assisted by the other states. Some of the factors in this process may be highlighted by listing a number of names that will be concerned in the writing of the brotherhood ticket. How many of them have meaning for you?

HERE's a trial list: Security Council, Politburo, Republican steering committee, Bilbo, Gromyko, Marshall, Attlee, Whitehall, Kremlin, Charles Ross, Molotov, Council of Nationalities, Downing Street, Military Committee, Dominion status, Pakistan, Bernard Baruch, Ernest Bevin, Army-Navy merger, B-36, White Sands, New Mexico; Rockets, U-235, Trygve Lie, M.R.P., Clericalism, Peron.

NOW relate these item-factors to a wounded, sick world. These times call for Good Samaritans on a universal scale.

HOWEVER, the modern Samaritan should go beyond the mere showing of mercy unto fury's victims. One sometimes wonders if, in a discourse on citizenship as well as neighborliness, Jesus Christ might not have continued the ancient tale a bit further. For example, the Samaritan could have returned to Jerusalem and reported the matter that bandits and ruffians frequented the Jericho road to the local "sheriff." At least, common sense would seem to indicate that he should not have accepted as inevitable the fact that people were bound to suffer violence along that highway, but should have taken some steps to eliminate the hazards. Perhaps a good highway patrol could have been established so that future travelers need not be robbed and left for dead.

BUT even if we get at the roots of problems with basic remedies, as for example, a highway patrol for the Jericho road, the need for mercy remains as a fundamental touchstone for the curious mixtures comprising the brotherhood of atom-smashing mankind. The requirements of mercy are so difficult to satisfy! How easy, sometimes, to organize relief for the homeless head-hunters of New Guinea and ignore the homeless on Main Street!

THIS business of the brotherhood of man poses some real problems.

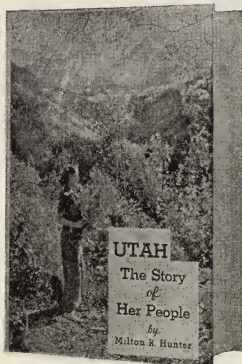
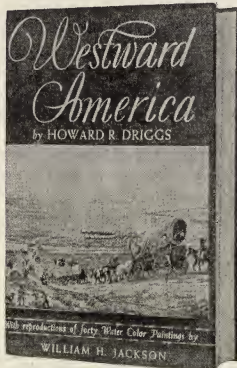


# READ—and KNOW

## THE THRILLING STORY OF

# UTAH'S FIRST CENTURY

Read the stories of the great events and remarkable personalities who lived and served, strengthened and promoted the Faith in stirring days of adventure and empire-building.



..... WESTWARD AMERICA .....	\$5.00	..... BRIGHAM YOUNG THE COLONIZER .....	\$3.00
By Howard R. Driggs—Illustrated by William H. Jackson		By Milton R. Hunter	
..... UTAH, THE STORY OF HER PEOPLE .....	\$2.75	..... DANIEL HANMER WELLS .....	\$2.50
By Milton R. Hunter		By B. S. Hinckley	
..... BRIGHAM YOUNG, THE MAN AND HIS WORK .....	\$2.50	..... LIFE OF JOSEPH P. SMITH .....	\$2.50
By Preston Nibley		By Joseph Fielding Smith	
..... LIFE AND TRAVELS OF PARLEY P. PRATT .....	\$2.50	..... LIFE OF HEBER C. KIMBALL .....	\$3.00
..... THREE MORMON CLASSICS .....	\$2.50	By Orson F. Whitney	
Compiled by Preston Nibley		..... BEN THE WAGON BOY .....	\$1.50
..... UTAH INDIAN STORIES .....	\$2.25	By Howard R. Driggs	
By Milton R. Hunter		..... DENNIS AND THE MORMON BATTALION .....	\$2.00
..... EXODUS OF MODERN ISRAEL .....	\$1.00	By Mabel S. Harmer	
..... SWEET LOVE REMEMBERED .....	\$2.75	..... STORY OF THE MORMON PIONEERS .....	\$2.00
By Helen Cortez Stafford		By Mabel S. Harmer	
		..... PAHUTE INDIAN STORIES .....	\$1.75
		By William R. Palmer	

... and these great "background" stories of Utah's founding: . . .

..... JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET .....	\$3.00	..... JOSEPH THE PROPHET .....	\$1.50
By Howard R. Driggs		By Daryl Chase	
..... HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH .....	\$2.50	..... WITNESSES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON .....	\$2.25
By His Mother—Edited by Preston Nibley		By Preston Nibley	
..... ORSON PRATT'S WORKS .....	\$2.50	..... PROPHECIES OF JOSEPH SMITH AND THEIR FULFILLMENT .....	\$1.50
..... SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHURCH .....	\$ .75		

—and scores of other well-written, intriguing works on one of the great epochal events in American and Western history—the settlement and development of Utah and the Intermountain empire. Write for complete lists.

USE THE COUPON BELOW FOR PROMPT DELIVERY OF THE ABOVE-LISTED BOOKS

## DESERET BOOK COMPANY

44 East South Temple

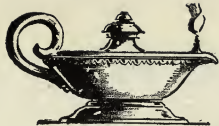
P. O. Box 958

Salt Lake City 10, Utah

*The Book Center of the Intermountain West*

Please send the books as checked above. Enclosed is \$.....

Name ..... Address .....



## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

By Marvin O. Ashton

Here are the stories, wise counsel, and kindly philosophy that endeared the author to people everywhere. A priceless heritage! \$3.00.

## THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM

By Wendell J. Ashton

With understanding heart, the author portrays eight choice characters from Mormon history. A refreshing, fascinating "bouquet of biography." \$2.00.

You will be delighted with these books by an illustrious father . . . a talented son.

# BOOKCRAFT

1186 South Main

Telephone 7-7911

Salt Lake City 4, Utah

FOR PROMPT SERVICE FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

## BOOKCRAFT

1186 South Main, Salt Lake City 4, Utah

Please send the items checked below:

- ☐ To Whom It May Concern—M. O. Ashton ..... \$3.00
- ☐ Theirs Is the Kingdom—W. J. Ashton ..... \$2.00
- ☐ A Thumbnaill Sketch of Mormonism—Josephson ..... \$1.00
- ☐ Documentary History of the Church and Outline ..... \$1.75
- ☐ Discourses of Wilford Woodruff—Durham ..... \$2.50
- ☐ Evidences and Reconciliations—Widsoe ..... \$1.85
- ☐ Family Eternal—West ..... \$2.25
- ☐ For This My Glory—Bailey ..... \$2.50
- ☐ The Gay Saint—Bailey ..... \$2.50
- ☐ The Gospel Kingdom—John Taylor ..... \$2.25
- ☐ His Many Mansions—Howells ..... \$2.25
- ☐ Immortal Pioneers of St. George—Miller ..... \$3.00
- ☐ Inspired Prophetic Warnings—Lundwall ..... \$1.00
- ☐ Johany—Stradling ..... \$2.00
- ☐ Joseph Smith: Prophet—Statesman—Durham ..... \$2.25
- ☐ Man and the Dragon—Widsoe ..... \$2.00
- ☐ Minute Sermons—Zobell ..... \$1.00
- ☐ Modern Miracles—Stokes ..... \$1.50
- ☐ Nauvoo the Beautiful—McGavin ..... \$3.00
- ☐ No Ma'am That's Not History—Nibley ..... \$ 50
- ☐ Prince of Ut—Gates—Widsoe ..... \$2.00
- ☐ Sagebrush and Wagon Wheels—Dustin ..... \$2.00
- ☐ Song Everlasting—Bailey ..... \$1.00
- ☐ Story of Jesus—Snow ..... \$1.25
- ☐ The Quest—Ursenbach ..... \$2.00
- ☐ "and The Spoken Word"—Evans ..... \$1.50
- ☐ A New Witness for Christ in America—Kirham ..... \$1.75
- ☐ A Skeptic Discovers Mormonism—Riggs ..... \$2.00

- ☐ Bible No. 251-C (World) ..... \$4.50
- ☐ Bible No. 253-C (World) ..... \$4.00
- ☐ Brigham Young the Colonizer—Hunter ..... \$3.00
- ☐ Constancy Amid Change—Bowen ..... \$2.00
- ☐ Dennis and the Mormon Battalion—Harmer ..... \$2.00
- ☐ Discourses of Orson Pratt—Lundwall ..... \$3.00
- ☐ Exodus of Modern Israel—Lundwall ..... \$1.00
- ☐ God's Covenant Race—Anderson ..... \$2.00
- ☐ Golden Plates—Pierce ..... \$2.00
- ☐ Gospel Standards—Grant ..... \$2.25
- ☐ The Gospel Through the Ages—Hunter (new price) ..... \$2.25
- ☐ Huribut's Story of the Bible ..... \$2.50
- ☐ In the Gospel Net—Widsoe ..... \$1.75
- ☐ Life of Heber C. Kimball—Whitney ..... \$3.00
- ☐ Life of Joseph F. Smith—Smith ..... \$2.50
- ☐ Restoration of All Things—Smith ..... \$1.75
- ☐ Signs of the Times—Smith ..... \$1.25
- ☐ Temple of Promise—Billster ..... \$1.50
- ☐ The Robe—Douglas ..... \$2.75
- ☐ The Ten Commandments—Riggs ..... \$1.00
- ☐ This Day and Always—Evans ..... \$1.50
- ☐ Unto the Hills—Evans ..... \$1.50
- ☐ Utah—The Story of Her People—Hunter ..... \$2.75
- ☐ Utah Indian Stories—Hunter ..... \$2.25
- ☐ Witnesses of the Book of Mormon—Nibley ..... \$2.25
- ☐ Words of Jesus—(Leather Bound) ..... \$3.00
- ☐ A Story to Tell ..... \$2.00
- ☐ Book of Mormon—Library Edition ..... \$1.50
- ☐ Utah Puzzle Book—Wahlquist ..... \$1.00
- ☐ "Emigration" (game)—Clawson ..... \$3.95
- ☐ Golden Nuggets of Thought—Marler ..... \$1.00
- ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Send C.O.D.

Name .....  
Address .....

## WINTER QUARTERS CREATED

By ALBERT L. ZOBELL, JR.

THE last week of September, in the year 1846, saw the Saints moving into the place that had been designated as Winter Quarters, now Florence, Nebraska, across the river from the Iowa plains.

On September 23, this movement began. The "city" as it was called in that entry in the Church's *Journal History*, was laid out in blocks of twenty rods by forty rods. Each block was broken down into lots and assigned to individuals. Each lot was four rods by ten. President Brigham Young assisted the brethren in building a yard large enough to hold the cattle of all the Saints who would winter there.

The following Sunday afternoon, September 27, amid pleasant weather, the Saints met on Main Street and held their characteristic Sunday afternoon meeting. Elder Orson Pratt opened with prayer.

Daniel H. Wells was then requested to give the latest news of the battle of Nauvoo, in which the Illinois mobs were driving the few remaining Church members from Nauvoo with gun fire.

Brigham Young gave some counsel. "Father" John Smith and George W. Harris volunteered to raise teams to go after the poor.

The Saints assembled voted that the Nauvoo Temple and all Church property be sold as the opportunity arose, the proceeds of such sales to be appropriated to help the poor in their trek to the west.

This is the history of the first week spent at Winter Quarters. Before the advance company would be on the move again the following April, many of their number would have succumbed to the rigors of the elements; and all would have their faith tried anew before they ventured out to find, as one of their favorite songs read:

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,

Far away in the West;  
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;

There the Saints will be blessed. . . .

In March 1847, the month before the westward movement began anew, Winter Quarters was a well organized city of forty-one blocks, 820 lots, seven hundred houses, and twenty-two wards.





—Photograph by Jeano Orlando

# MAILBOX

by  
**MARIJANE MORRIS**

SILENT SENTRY so tall against the sky  
Knowing wild winds with soft gypsy-fingers  
And purple mountains that catch and hold the sigh  
Of vast, unmeasured space where twilight lingers.  
You hold within your heart the secrets, the vows  
Of lovers, of love that's stood the trial and test.  
Your small or large capacity allows  
The news of death to stay without protest.  
And birth is there, tiny and full of pride;  
Regret, the plea to forget and start again;  
And age, austere, so plainly dignified.  
(The past, present, and future are an endless chain.)  
Your watch may change, your form, your face,  
But in your heart . . . life finds a resting-place.

Vodelayee-hoo!



What makes Mr. L. W. (Long Winter) Heavies slightly 'pixilated'? The American Housekeeper knows.

Fels-Naptha Soap is back on her grocer's shelves.

Here is real proof that 'days of doing without' are past and gone. Once more the words 'clean' and 'white' apply to *every washday*—not just the times when she was lucky enough to find Fels-Naptha.

Now she can use Fels-Naptha Soap wherever its gentle, thorough action is needed. Now she can get out all the dirt, quickly and safely.

Now she can have Fels-Naptha Soap whenever she wants it.

*And so can you!*



# Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

## RELIGIOUS ATTITUDES of NOTED MEN

*Selected by Leon M. Strong*

**NICOLAUS COPERNICUS** (1473-1543) famous for first teaching that the earth revolves around the sun,

... "was afraid that ignorance would hold his discovery to be hostile to the Bible. It is also said that he had a profound reverence for the holy scriptures, and that none of his natural studies and conclusions shook his faith in the revelation of the gospel." (p. 211.)\*

And further:

"He had lived a life of Christian virtue—imitating his Master... yet so far from having anything to boast before God, he said himself that he felt his need of infinite mercy and in seeking the pardon of his sins he would not place himself on a level with Paul and Peter but, rather, chose a point in self-humiliation by the side of the penitent thief." (Quoted from John Stouton. *Worthies of Science*, pp. 42, 4.)

Galilei Galileo (1564-1642) noted astronomer, defended the Copernican theory of astronomy and was required by Pope Paul V to recant. Legend has it that upon concluding his recantation he exclaimed:

"Nevertheless it [the earth] does move." All his life he is said to have been a devoted Christian. (Leete, page 213 and *Standard Encyclopedia*, vol. 13, p. 265.)\*

Johannes Kepler (1571-1630) celebrated astronomer,

... paid particular attention to theology, and intended, it is said, to enter the ministry. Despite lifelong bad health and family troubles, Kepler is said to have maintained courage, cheerfulness, and a truly religious spirit. (pp. 213, 226.)\*

Dr. Joseph F. Merrill said:

Both Galileo and Kepler were men, it is written, of undoubted piety and religious faith. Pascal, famous for his mathematical ability and for his experiments in hydrostatics and pneumatics, during the latter years of his life devoted himself wholly to religion—writing and serving. Robert Boyle, whose fame is familiar to every student of physics and chemistry, was a man whose "piety sanctified all his doings; it was not a theory, but a practice." (Address over radio station KSL June 21, 1931, No. 12, p. 3.)

Roger Bacon, scientist and philosopher (1214?-1294):

Wrote various theological works, as well as books on science and philosophy. He insisted on the reading of the Bible in the original (languages), by the laity even, if possible. (p. 209.)\*

Giordano Bruno, noted philosopher and scientist (1548?-1600), took issue with Aristotle and insisted on

... the absolute boundlessness of the universe. He taught that God and the world are not the same, but that God is identified with the universe or that he may be designated as matter conceived in extended substance, essentially immaterial, the immanent cause or soul of the world. (p. 210.)\*

(Concluded on page 123)

\* (Extracts taken from the book *Christianity and Science*, by Frederick D. Leete, The Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1928.)



# The ONE HOPE of All Nations

By PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

THIS month of February reminds us again of two great American patriots: George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. And as we think of these patriots, our thoughts turn to all those who have helped to make our land a land of freedom, which the Lord has said it can continue to be, *if we will but keep the commandments of God.*

We have many examples where God has forewarned the people through his servants the prophets to repent of their wickedness before destruction may come upon them. Noah preached the gospel of repentance to the people of his dispensation without converting a single soul aside from the members of his own family. During his entire ministry Noah was warning the people that if they did not repent of their sins and turn unto the Lord, they would suffer the penalty for wrongdoing. Those to whom he preached repentance ridiculed him and ignored him; and when they discovered him following the advice of the Lord by building a great boat upon dry land, we can well imagine what they would say. But when the rains descended and the floods began to rise, as Noah had forewarned, and only this good man and his family went into the ark, and when the boat began to be lifted upon the water, we again can imagine how all those multitudes of people would feel,—people whom he had so long warned to repent of their sins so that they might be spared—knowing it was then too late. Because of their willfulness and wickedness they were not fit to live longer upon the earth.

Again in the days of Abraham so wicked were the people residing in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah that fire came down from heaven and destroyed them. This destruction did not occur, however, until after they had been fully warned of their wickedness and urged to repent.

Jerusalem has been repeatedly overthrown and her buildings and temples destroyed, not, however, until after prophets of God had notified the people to repent of their sins, and pleaded with them to keep the commandments of the Lord and not live the evil lives that others were living. But the people paid no attention even though in every instance they had been warned in advance of what would occur.

We read how Babylon, the greatest city of the

world at its time, was overthrown, and other cities of that day were destroyed, but again not until the people had been fully warned.

We have the examples in ancient America of the complete annihilation of the Jaredite civilization and, about a thousand years later of the Nephite culture from the face of the land, because of their failure to keep the commandments of the Lord, having been fully warned by their prophets.

The great holocaust the world has recently gone through—World War II—came upon the nations because of the wickedness among people who likewise had been warned and called to repentance. Through their ripening in iniquity war and destruction followed.

With the discovery of the atomic bomb, the power to destroy has been greatly increased. Nearly a third of a million people were killed by one such bomb. Consider the destruction that would follow the dropping of bombs upon the great cities of the world. There seems to be no intelligence in man nor wisdom among the sons of our Heavenly Father who dwell upon this earth, through which, he has found a way to neutralize the effects of the atom bomb. There can be no certain protection to the people of the world in the future except by keeping the commandments of God and the counsel he has given to his children through his servants the prophets.

In our time we can benefit from all this history and experience. How wonderful it is to live at this time, and how marvelous it is to dwell in a land where freedom abounds. If the people of this nation will turn to the Lord and keep his commandments, they will enjoy happiness, and our Heavenly Father will continue to bless them. But on the other hand, if we and all other people who dwell upon this favored continent refuse to obey the commandments of our Heavenly Father, it will be only a question of time until the nations now existing and the people who dwell here will suffer destruction.

The promises of the Lord concerning peace and happiness are always conditioned upon righteousness. When large portions of his sons and daughters, who have been enriched with the comforts and blessings of life, turn their backs upon that which is good and become wicked and

(Concluded on page 126)

## The EDITOR'S PAGE

# HOW THE DESERT WAS TAMED

*A Lesson for Today and Tomorrow*

## PART II

### CHAPTER 3—"WHEN TILLAGE BEGINS . . ."

FOOD was of course the first need of the early settlers. They were alone, nearly a thousand miles from the nearest outpost of civilization, where they might have succor in time of need. The supply in their wagons was meager. The desert yielded little of food value. Game was not plentiful in the mountains. Besides, they were strangers in a strange land.

Consequently, a plow was dug into the hard-baked soil the day of the arrival of the first Pioneers; and though the season was late (July 24), potatoes were planted by Wilford Woodruff, wheat by others. From that time on, agriculture was the first and foremost concern of the conquerors of the desert.

Missionaries who were sent out over the earth brought back seeds of all manner of plants, for flowers, vegetables, and field crops, to be tried out in their desert home. Requests were sent over the plains for seeds and plants in the older states of the Union. Members of the Mormon Battalion, coming to the Salt Lake Basin by way of California, brought with them plants that had been tested there and found satisfactory. It was a worldwide campaign for the best crops.

W. C. Staines planted in 1850, near City Creek in Salt Lake City, fruit and flower seeds brought from the East by a forgotten emigrant. C. H. Oliphant sent repeatedly for seeds, stocks, and scions of good fruit trees. Grafting and budding were practised on seedlings. The Rawles Janet apple and several fine varieties of peaches were developed. These pioneer horticulturists paid one cent each for peach pits. Oliphant finished a house for Lorin Farr and took peach pits in pay. As early as 1855 these men organized the Deseret Horticultural Society, which grew into the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society. Provisions were made for distribution of new plants among the pioneers. The results of these labors were spread over the valleys until fruits and other crops were growing in every little settlement.

Livestock was not forgotten. In almost every emigrant train were bees, doves, poultry, squirrels, sheep, goats, and beef and dairy cattle. Dogs and cats were always brought

along. Word was sent out for improved strains of farm animals. Nothing but the best would satisfy these empire builders!

Early agriculture in the basin furnishes a story, yet to be told, also second to none in human interest.

Alfalfa or lucern was soon found to be the best fodder crop under the climatic conditions of the Great Basin. It not only had high feeding value, but, being a deep-rooted leguminous crop, it also improved the soil, and it was a fine yielder. It is often said facetiously that Brigham Young and alfalfa made Utah, and that neither could have done it alone. In a search to discover by whom alfalfa was introduced into the territory, a host of claimants were found. Some had sent seed from California, others from Mexico, still others from Switzerland. So, with many other crops. Every man who went into the world made himself a scout for things that might help in the conquest of the desert.

Converts from foreign lands were often acquainted with relatively new crops. Thus, Christian A. Madsen, bishop of Gunnison, Utah, a Dane who had grown up in the sugar beet section of Europe, urged, through *The Deseret News*, the growing of sugar beets in the territory. Many farmers actually planted small patches of beets, and proved that this important root crop would grow well on the Basin soils. Nearly every crop known to the settlers in their old homes in America and Europe was tried out under irrigated conditions.

Every year the settlers held an agricultural fair, at which crops were displayed, and prizes were awarded. The early newspapers gave frequent attention to agricultural problems. The communities were farm conscious. It was well and honorable to be a farmer. All other activities took secondary places in the philosophy that made the desert blossom as the rose. Farming must be the foundation of the sound commonwealth that they were building.

THIS pioneer feeling has carried over into this age. The people who have descended from the pioneers still cherish the thought that the majority of the members of the Church are farmers; and hope it may ever be so. New converts soon discover and assimilate this feeling. Every man should, however small the opportunity, contribute to the production of

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



By Dr. John A. Widtsoe  
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

food. The grim barrenness of the desert still threatens. And in our troubled day, there may lurk a coming famine. There is a sturdy pride among Utah people that their agricultural college ranks among the best in service and among the largest, if not the largest, in per capita attendance.

This feeling for agriculture among the pioneers was not wholly due to the fact that the farm supplies man's first need, food. Farming was conceived in a much larger sense to be a fundamental art in the building of a healthy society. It was felt that a full civilization must rest upon a foundation of agriculture. Sturdy and useful men and women were the real objective of the "Mormon" venture. They could best be reared in an agricultural community. To bring to maturity such people justified the hardships of pioneer life, the toilsome journey across the plains, and the burial of loved ones by the side of the trail.

Men who touch the soil, ever so lightly, become changed men. They live more natural lives. They absorb, somehow, the clean wholesomeness of God's earth. In combat with wind and weather, destructive diseases or insects, they gain a desire to know and a fearless courage to conquer. Out of such a life comes an independence of thought, and speech, and action that makes a truthseeker of a man. And a man who loves truth becomes not only humble, therefore able to progress, but he also develops stability amidst the whirling theories of the day. Out of this doctrine comes the historic fact that sons of the farm freshen the blood of the city. Without the contributions of the farm, city life would stagnate and rot, for it does not have the power of re-creation within itself. That was the more important reason for keeping the people close to the soil in the building of the desert empire. Political and economic philosophers of the present day are coming very generally to the belief that our social system must provide means by which every man, no matter how he earns his livelihood, may have access to the soil, and become a food producer, though ever so lightly.

This did not mean that the pioneers had antagonism to other human pursuits. On the contrary, Daniel Webster's doctrine was firmly believed: "When tillage begins, other arts follow." That is, all arts thrive best in communities resting safely on agriculture.

THE Pioneers did try to restrain the people from joining in the California gold rush which began two years after their entrance into the Great Salt Lake valley. The pioneers were engaged in building communities of happy, self-supporting people. That did not really require gold, which has industrial value only in a minor way. A nation can be built without gold. Some other symbol for exchange might be found. The mining of iron and other industrially useful metals and minerals was encouraged. Joining in the gold rush would really defeat or delay the work of redeeming the desert; and besides, since only a few ever profit from gold-madness, most of the "rushers" would return poorer than they left. To secure a safe foundation for the rising commonwealth, mining for metals of low industrial value was discouraged in the early years of settlement.

The earnest belief in farming as the cementing element in all social and economic progress is one of the major contributions to the world of the people who settled the Western American deserts.

This faith looked beyond great state and national departments of agriculture, desirable as they are. It conceived rather a mode of living in which the masses of people would be wholly or to some degree engaged in winning food and other necessities from the soil; but above all else the health of the whole man, physical and spiritual, that such contacts with the elements of nature would bring.

This is another lesson that the world might well heed.

#### CHAPTER 4—THE FIRST BATTLE

LAND there was, and plenty of it, in the newly-entered country. Many mountain-encircled valleys, beautiful to the eye and filled with good soil, opened up to the exploring parties. Westward to the Sierra Nevadas were vast stretches of more nearly level land, the "desert" or "sandy plain" of the early geographers. There was an abundance of land.

The sharp and experienced eyes of the pioneer explorers did not fail to note that in most places, the native vegetation was scant and scrubby. The lush grass and timbered groves of the east were missing. The problem thus indicated presented the first real battle of the Pioneers; and it is never-ending.

The new country lay under a low rainfall, as witnessed by the sparse native vegetation. To secure full crops, the natural precipitation had to be supplemented by water artificially supplied. That meant irrigation. It was years later when it was shown that some extensive

(Continued on page 126)



# CHARLES A. CALLIS

— of the Council of the Twelve

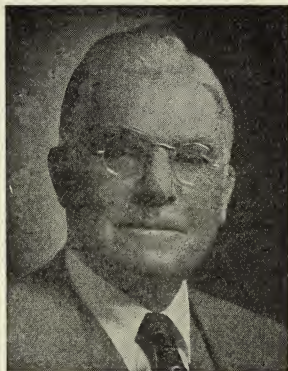
ELDER CHARLES A. CALLIS of the Council of the Twelve died January 21, in Jacksonville, Florida, as he was traveling to complete one of the ambitions of his life—the effecting of the organization of a stake of Zion in Florida. According to word received by the First Presidency, the organization of the stake had been completed under the direction of Elder Callis and Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve, as it had been planned, with the exception of one ward in Georgia. They were expecting to accomplish it that night. Elder Callis was riding in the car of Elder A. O. Jenkins, newly installed senior member of the Florida Stake high council. Suddenly Elder Callis ceased talking. Elder Jenkins looked up to see him breathe his last. Attendants at a hospital, within a block of the occurrence, pronounced Elder Callis dead.

Charles A. Callis was born in Dublin, Ireland, May 4, 1865. His long life of four-score-years-and-one was about "his Father's business." The Biblical injunction to be mindful of the widow and the fatherless became a reality early in his life as his father, John, died, leaving his mother, Charlotte Quilliam Callis, with a small family. Charles was baptized in Liverpool, England, and the family emigrated to Utah in October 1875.

HIS first mission was during the winter of 1892-93, when he served for five months in Wyoming, which was then a part of Summit Stake.

That same year, 1893, he began a mission in the British Isles in which he was to serve as president of the Irish conference. Returning to Utah, he became superintendent of the Summit Stake Mutual Improvement Association for nine years. He was a gifted orator, a member of the bar. He made friends easily, and kept them always. But all this was only the preparation for his life's work.

In 1902, he married Grace Pack, and the devotion of the two for one another and for the Church, will al-



CHARLES A. CALLIS

ways be a highlight in the memory of anyone who knew the Callises.

Both Elder and Sister Callis were called to the Southern States as missionaries in 1906, and were assigned to labor in Jacksonville, Florida. Here it was that they gathered about twenty men, women, and children, and organized a Sunday School, meeting in a small three room frame house, on stilts. Here it was, in Jacksonville, that Elder Callis, who had attained apostleship, but still was a humble missionary, returned to complete his earthly labors.

After filling a mission of some eighteen months, Elder Callis was called directly into the presidency of the Southern States Mission.

ALTHOUGH he had no time to practise law, he was admitted to the bar of both the states of Florida and South Carolina. These memberships gave him prestige and enabled him to meet many of the influential men of the South, and in that way alleviated much of the prejudice against the Cause he so ably represented.

It was at the semi-annual general conference of the Church in October 1933 that Elder Callis was first sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve. But he needed no introduction to the Church. There

wasn't a ward, and probably not a neighborhood, who at some time during his administration in the Southern States, hadn't sent Elder Callis a gangling boy as a missionary, and received back, after the mission term, a man in every sense of the word, fully equipped to take his place in the community and Church life at home. He was released as a mission president in February 1934. It has been estimated that there were three thousand missionaries in the Southern States while he presided.

During his thirteen years as one of the General Authorities, Elder Callis saw the Church grow to a point where stakes were organized in the missions to list several—in California with Gridley and Sacramento in 1934—in the Eastern States with New York in 1934—in the Hawaiian Islands with Oahu in 1935; Chicago Stake from the Northern States Mission in 1936; Seattle and Portland stakes from the Northwestern States in 1938; Washington Stake from the Eastern States in 1940; Denver Stake from the Western States in 1941; and in 1947 he received the coveted assignment to return to his own mission and organize a stake. He left Salt Lake City for Florida January 9, telling his associates at the Church Administration Building that he was "going home."

HE loved the common man—and wherever he went he found them. And their problems became his problems. Much of his mail came from friends he had made as a mission president who were seeking his advice in personal problems.

He always marveled at the different places in the Church where he found his former missionaries, and what they would do for him. The Saints that he had known in the mission field were the same way. One of the women who used to be his secretary at the Church offices recalled that as regularly as one wore out, he received a new hat from a humble member in the Southern States.

(Concluded on page 125)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



## ONE CAUSE OF ALCOHOLISM

By DR. J. RAYMOND SCHMIDT  
*General Superintendent, National  
Civic League*

THE Yale School of Alcohol Studies has held four summer sessions, the first one in 1943 with an enrollment of seventy-odd students. At the 1946 session there were one hundred sixty-eight students, who spent four weeks listening to fifty-two lectures by twenty-five scientists, sociologists, educators, representatives of Alcoholics Anonymous, the liquor trade, and the anti-alcohol movement.

The wide scope of the fifty-two lectures is indicated by their grouping under the following seven headings: (1) by way of introduction, (2) the effects of alcohol on the individual, (3) the use of alcoholic beverages through the ages and society's informal controls of inebriety, (4) psychological factors in alcoholism, (5) the magnitude of the problem of inebriety, (6) formal controls of inebriety, and (7) the treatment of alcoholism.

The summer school is a part of Yale University's Laboratory of Applied Physiology of which Dr. H. W. Haggard is the head. Dr. E. M. Jellinek, research associate of the Laboratory of Applied Physiology, has been director of the Yale School of Alcohol Studies since its establishment four years ago.

The founding of this school indicates that a group of scientists has become interested in America's drink problem. It is highly significant that eminent scientists recognize the seriousness of the situation and desire to do something about it. On the other hand, the very fact that the school was established may be looked upon as evidence as to how well repeal has succeeded in alcoholizing America.

ONE does not listen very long to the Yale lecturers before he discerns that their chief concern is about the chronic alcoholic. Apparently the extremely heavy drinkers constitute the alcohol problem as they comprehend it. According to the school, there are approximately fifty million drinkers in America, of whom three to four million drink excessively and seven hundred fifty thousand to a

million may be classed as chronic alcoholics. The specialists seem to be chiefly interested in rehabilitating the latter, while apparently closing their eyes to the inescapable fact that the five million excessive drinkers and chronic alcoholics were recruited from the ranks of moderate drinkers. The Yale experts are reluctant to regard moderate drinkers as potential alcoholics, who give rise to the very problem in which they are so genuinely interested.

After all, by what rule can it be claimed that moderate drinkers are not as much a menace to society as chronic alcoholics? Not many of the latter are sitting at the steering wheels of automobiles. Therefore, it seems reasonable to credit the mounting number of auto accidents to drinking drivers—our highly respected moderate drinkers. The commissioner of motor vehicles of a great eastern state attributes eighty percent of the highway accidents to tipsy drivers. Surely such a hazard to human life makes the moderate drinker just as much of a social problem as the chronic alcoholic.

If a limited number of typhoid cases should be reported in any community, it stands to reason that every precaution would be taken to check the spread of the disease. The drinking water would be tested and every safeguard used to insure its purity. But when ten percent of the

army of moderate drinkers turn out to be heavy drinkers and alcoholics, not even the scientists become greatly disturbed that one hundred of every thousand drinkers become sick and unemployable. Surely the production of fifty or more chronic alcoholics out of every thousand drinkers calls for drastic remedial measures.

ONE came to have the highest regard for the thirty-eight members of Alcoholics Anonymous who were enrolled at the 1946 summer session. Any friend of the temperance cause can rejoice in their fine record of bringing alcoholics back to the normal way of living. Personally, I want to cooperate with them in every possible way. The AA's stand alone in working with alcoholics. No other group can do as well, no matter how much in favor of sobriety they may be.

The fact cannot be overlooked, however, that the AA's and the Yale school have the same tolerance for moderation, forgetting as they do that in many cases their alcoholism was a gradual development from the mildest form of moderation. Yes, we'll agree the alcoholic is a sick person, but we still believe many of them were sick from overindulgence in varying degrees long before they became chronic cases.

The psychiatrists on the faculty analyzed the reasons why men and women take to drink. Some start from inability to resist social pressure, others to escape reality and dull surroundings, and still others to forget their troubles. Dr. Hersey very aptly declared that alcohol never removed or solved any problems, only created a new one to aggravate those that could not be escaped. But not a word was officially said in four weeks about the greatest single factor in starting so many young people on the perilous pathway of moderation—the gigantic alcohol education campaign carried on by the brewers, distillers, and vintners under the guise of advertising, at an annual cost of approximately \$75,000,000. Were young people not being persuaded to start drinking in large numbers, the liquor interests would save the money they now spend in keeping alcoholic beverages constantly before the public by the means of billboard, magazine, newspaper, and radio advertising.



Whenever

# "TWO IS COMPANY"

## Three Makes a Triangle

By MARY EK KNOWLES

BETH stepped to the window as she heard a car drive up in front of the apartment. She stood there smiling down into the early winter darkness, her long dark hair shining in the soft light from candles on the table.

She saw Vic get out of the car parked beneath the arc light. She raised her hand to wave, then dropped it to her side as a second figure climbed out of the car. It was a tall, lanky boy, and he tagged at her young husband's heels carrying a battered suitcase in his hand.

It was Al Perkins, Vic's buddy. "Perk," Vic called him. And the suitcase could mean only one thing

—Perk was back to stay with them again—to sleep on the couch in the living room! But why? she thought angrily. Amy Thompson had promised to hold the room for him.

Her patience was suddenly gone. Two is company, but three! She turned sharply from the window and hurried into the bedroom. Perk was a sponger, a loafer, and he was playing Vic's friendship and loyalty for him to the limit. Perk—telling

Vic how he'd walked the streets all day looking for a job when she'd seen him coming out of a movie or sitting in the park! Perk—coming home with the sob story that a hold-up man had robbed him of his mustering out pay. And that very day on her way to market she'd seen him in the Star Club playing poker!

Tonight was to have been their first night alone, and Vic had been home for two weeks!

She turned on the light in the small living room and blew out the candles. If there had been time, she'd have taken the sterling silver and crystal from the table and set it with her everyday things. These things were not for Perk! He'd say, "Gosh, this is just the way Mom sets the table for a party. Of course, our table is larger, because there's Mom and Pop and Ellen and Buddy."

Perk's marvelous family in Pleasantville! She knew all about them. Mom was blue-eyed and gray-haired and plump. Pop worked in the mill. Ellen was fourteen and very talented. Perk was going to send her money for dancing lessons as soon as he found a job. Buddy was three.

Well, if they were so perfect, why didn't Perk go back to them, she thought hotly. She put up the leaf on the dinette table, set another place. His excuse was that he wanted to make his stake in the city first. But certainly his family must be as anxious to have him back as she'd been to have Vic back! . . . as she'd been to have Vic back. . . . She stood in hushed silence by the table. Vic almost hadn't come back. If it were not for Perk, Vic would be at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. When their ship was torpedoed, Vic's leg had been injured. Perk had kept him afloat, towed him to a small island. He'd kept Vic alive for



"Maybe you two would like to be alone," Perk laughed.



eighteen days until a scouting plane sighted them.

"I must be a small person inside," she thought with sudden shame, "small and narrow and suspicious, to feel as I do about Vic's buddy. Maybe he has tried to get a job . . . maybe he *was* robbed of his money."

As she heard Vic's key in the lock, she smiled a determined smile. She'd try to be big about the whole thing.

The door opened, and Vic and Perk came in. Vic was tall and dark and more handsome than ever in civvies. Perk was gangling, at the age where even his new suit and topcoat looked as if he'd outgrown them. As always he was bareheaded, and there were snowflakes on his stubborn, sun-bleached hair.

Vic grinned, "Hi, Beautiful!"

She said, "Hello there, Handsome!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her, and she saw Perk watching them, a look of smoldering resentment in his blue eyes.

Tension tightened her lips. What right had he to feel resentment? To think that once she'd laughed at Vic's amusing accounts of "Perk, a kid in our outfit who has appointed himself my official mascot . . . tags me around like an overgrown puppy dog . . . gives his age as eighteen, but my guess is that he hasn't seen seventeen yet . . ." That had been two years ago. She had no idea then that he would follow Vic home.

"Maybe you two would like to be alone," Perk laughed.

Oh, yes, we would, she wanted to cry. We never have, you know. You were with Vic when he got off the troop train. You tagged us to the apartment. You've been with Vic every possible moment since! Suddenly she wanted to kick him out. He was a grown man, old enough to know better! Then she looked at his face and knew unwilling tenderness for the traces of boyishness that still lingered in the roundness of his cheeks, the vulnerability of his mouth.

"You should buy a hat, Perk," she said shortly. "I can't abide bareheaded males."

Vic put his arm across Perk's shoulder. Vic was like that—big and good-natured—and a soft touch for any "sponger" who came along.

"Honey, Perk didn't get the room. I told him he was welcome to bunk with us for another day or two."

"What happened, Perk—the room at Amy's, I mean?"

"I got there just five minutes after it was taken. Yep—just five minutes."

"But you left at ten this morning. Amy said she'd hold it until one!" There was an edge to her voice that she couldn't help. She saw a puzzled, uneasy look in Vic's eyes. Perk's story sounded as fishy as all his other stories!

"Well, you see, I heard about a job, and I went after it, and by the time I got back—"

"Takes awhile to get lined up!" Vic's hearty voice tried to bridge the gulf, to let Perk know he was welcome. "Super ready, honey?"

"Just about," Perk put his suitcase down and ambled after her into the kitchen and sniffed.

"Pies!" He followed the aroma to the sink where three pies were cooling. "Apple?"

"Yes," she said shortly. Apple pie was Vic's favorite. She stirred the gravy vigorously.

"Tastes just like Mom's apple pie. Plenty of cinnamon." She turned to see Perk standing there, his mouth full, a slab of pie in his hand.

TOO BAD Perk's mom hadn't seen fit to teach him some manners. She walked hurriedly into the living room.

She didn't know Vic was there until she felt his arms about her. Longing to be really alone with him engulfed her.

"Oh, Vic, do we have to have *him* here!"

Vic frowned and moved her over to the window. "Sh . . . he'll hear you, honey!" She wanted to scream. She wished they lived in a twelve-room house. Then they could talk in a normal voice. But this—there was no privacy in two rooms and a kitchenette!

"But this was going to be our night alone!"

His lips brushed her cheek. "It's a tough break, sweet. But what could I do? The kid was waiting when I got off work. I couldn't let him sleep in the park. It'll only be for another day or two until—"

"Another day or two," she whispered wildly. "I'll bet he didn't

even go to Amy's. He's lying—" She stopped. Lying—it was a blunt unpleasant word. Vic's eyes measured her.

"This isn't exactly the reunion we'd planned," he'd said that first day. "I mean having a star boarder right off the bat. But the kid has no place to stay. Mind if he bunks with us for a day or two until he finds a room?"

She'd said, "Oh, not at all, darling. He's perfectly welcome!"

Vic had said, "I think you're perfect, Beth," and the look in his eyes had placed her on a pedestal. Now it was taking her down.

"I've been through two years of campaigning with that kid, Beth. I've never known him to lie." He dropped his arms, and it was as if she could not reach him.

"Vic, darling," she whispered. "Try and see my side of it—"

"Can I do something to help you, Beth?" Perk stood in the doorway as eager as a dog wagging its tail. "I don't want to make any extra work—"

"You can mash the potatoes. There's an apron over there on the hook."

Perk tied the apron around his middle and whistled softly. She saw Vic watching him with the affection of an older brother for a younger one.

THEY ate by candlelight. Perk hooked his big feet around the legs of the chair and dived in. "Gosh," he said, "the table looks nice. Just the way Mom fixes our table when we have a party. Of course, our table is larger because . . ."

Beth held her fork tight as Perk rambled on, her nerves screaming.

"Find anything promising in the way of a job?" Vic asked.

"Nothing too good. Looks like the good jobs are all taken."

But Vic found a job, Beth thought. He took a job with an accounting firm at a ridiculously low salary to gain experience. Some day he'll have a business of his own. That's why he put his five-hundred-dollar mustering out pay in the bank—that was the reason for the crowded little apartment.

"Fellow was telling me that Bill Sparks has opened a garage over on

(Continued on page 117)



Mary darted off up the road. Her hair, the color of ripe wheat, rode the wind like a banner.

# HOLE IN THE ROCK

By Anna Prince Redd

## SYNOPSIS

TO the men and women of Cedar City the news that a new mission was to be opened among the Indians of southern Utah was variously received. Sage Treharne Jones knew that it would mean separation from her son, Kumen Jones, as well as fulfillment of his dream. Mary Jones, Kumen's wife, knew that it would mean the leaving of her new home, which was nearing completion. But to Mary's mother, Elsie Nielson, it meant the meeting of a new challenge, one that could be met "somehow."

The year was 1879, just twenty-two years since the Pioneers had first entered Salt Lake valley, from which center they had been sent on missions to various parts of the West.

## CHAPTER II

WEeping and praying and ceaseless talk followed the news of the call to the San Juan Mission. The interminable hours ticked by, each bringing the return of the men from the conference a little nearer, confirmation of the uprooting a little closer.

Mary Jones and Arabella Smith, on the day of the men's return, walked out past the edge of town to meet their husbands. Watching for the first small dust that would announce their coming, they yet dreaded its approach. Intent upon their thoughts, they had talked but little, hoping without hope that there was some mistake and that their lives would go on as normally as before.

Mary's mind was dark with misgivings. Unreasoning rebellion was filling her heart and clouding her eyes, leaving her keenly aware that soon she would not be there to breathe the new spring air, damp with melting snow and fragrant from rabbit brush. Soon she would not see these greening meadows, alive with meadow larks, full of high, sweet blackbird songs. She would not feel, in any new place, this bending of the cattails above the marshlands, their motion breaking the rhythm of the wind. Her people had built this whole big valley into a settlement wrested from alkali and wind and sage. Must they begin all over again to wrest a living from repellent, unwatered soil? They had only just begun to live, had only partially subdued their own enemies, and now they were to become new targets for hate and violence. What could they, a mere handful of pioneers, accomplish against such odds?

She searched the horizon for any sign of a dust screen that would tell her Kumen was coming. But there was none, and for a little while she was able to hold her thoughts to quieter channels.

ARABELLA, walking silently at Mary's side, was claimed by a fear that was greater than any she had ever known. Only yesterday she had told Mary how glad she was that this time her baby would be born in a house, instead of a wagon box.

Would it? Would any of them know comfort or security again? She wanted to run ahead and hear from Stanford's own lips what this call to a new mission would mean. But she was too tired, her body was too heavy. Mary was lithe and young. She could hurry up the road to meet Stanford and Kumen.

"Don't wait for me, Mary," she said. "I know you are chafing at my slow pace. But I feel too tired to even keep on at all. I'll sit here on the lava rocks and rest while you run ahead to meet Kumen."

She chose a flat, black rock that shone like patent leather in the sun, and sat down, pressing her hand against her side. The wind caught the ringlets of her shining black hair and held them away from her throbbing temples.

Mary caught the motion of the child and felt a cold unfriendly jealousy that shamed her. It added to the turmoil that had already taken possession of her.

"Yes, yes, I'll run ahead," she assented in confusion, and without one solicitous backward glance, she darted off up the road. And as she ran her fists knotted themselves against her sides. Her pale blue eyes were fixed on the road ahead. Her hair, the color of ripe wheat, rode the wind like a banner. Her dress blew against her, pressing like determined hands to hold her back, but she only ran the faster.

THERE was a sudden flurry of dust on the road ahead. "They're coming!" she cried. But the dust was only a whirlwind that blew itself out, spent with its own energy, just as she was spent from running and from the tempest of her thoughts.

She stopped. "What a way to be acting!" she exclaimed. "My husband would be ashamed of me."

Yet, standing there in the middle of the road, she could do nothing to regain her composure. Frightened



by this feeling of hostility that was beginning to cloud her friendship with Arabella, she began to cry. "It's this new mission," she sobbed. "I've never felt like this before! I love Arabella, and yet I want to hurt her. I want to hurt myself!"

She walked on again, feeling the weight of her feet as if they were encased in chains. Why must her people be sent away from their homes to pioneer again? How could she be her true self when she felt like this? She couldn't be the gentlewoman that Sage Treharne wanted her to be, nor the kind of girl Arabella was, if she had to go away where there would be nothing but work from sun to dark away out nowhere among the savages and outlaws.

She held up her hands and looked at them. They were red and caloused. She looked down at her feet. They were encased in heavy, shapeless, leather shoes, cobbled by pioneer hands. Inside, she was young, barely her twenty-two years, but outside, she was twice that age. Just as inside those big coarse shoes, her feet were shapely; outside, they were ugly and uncouth. Arabella was one woman who hadn't been coarsened, outwardly, by her surroundings. She worked as all the other women did, but it didn't seem to change her. The thought brought with it a new flame of resentment to Mary.

"It isn't fair!" she cried. "How can I help feeling the way I do? I am losing too much!"

She stopped walking to listen to the sound of spring. She wanted to savor every little, familiar thing—the drowsy bird songs, the rustle of the long stems of cattails as the blackbirds settled to rest on them, swaying, rocking in the wind . . . the cattle, in the meadows and along the foothills all lowing companionably to each other, the beat of her own responsive heart.

"Dear God," she prayed. "Help me to see my lot as my dear parents before me have done. Let me be as strong as they, to do thy will. Do not let me be afraid."

SUDDENLY, comforted by her prayer and by the quiet peace around her, she began to sing reverently her people's song of the plains:

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,  
But with joy wend your way.

Though hard to you this journey may appear,  
Grace shall be as your day.

But the words were too poignant. The things about her were too persuasive, too dear to lose. There was security and peace here by the marshes. The sticky sweet odor of squawbush that crinkled her breath, would never be so wonderful anywhere else.

If she and Kumen went away, all this would be changed. There would be no time to learn and no time to love things. All she had grown to expect was being taken from her. Over and over her parents had told their children that their struggles had been to make the wilderness

"blossom as the rose," safe for their children and grandchildren.

Too well she knew the hardships of persecution. Her father would hobble through life because his feet had been frozen to nubs on the plains. Yes, she remembered! There would never be any rest, never any peace, it seemed. Sick and almost lifeless, her father had pulled a handcart through rain and mud and snow—sometimes two feet deep—across the plains. His company had dwindled one by one to be buried in shallow graves by the roadside. Two of their children, her mother's only child then, a son, and

(Continued on page 120)

Kumen sprang from his horse and caught Mary in his arms.

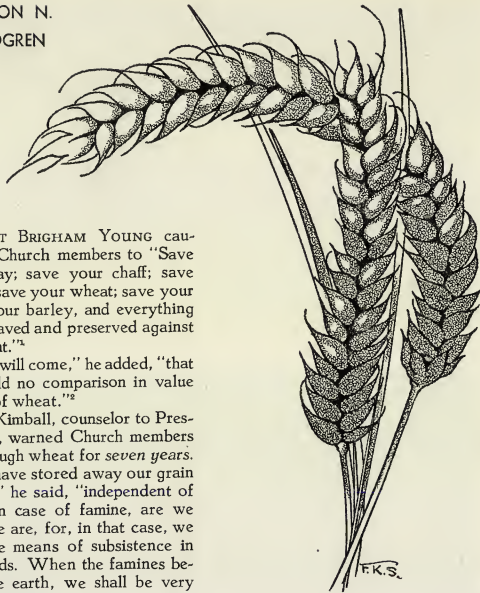
—Illustrated by Fielding K. Smith



# A TIME OF WANT

● By

WESTON N.  
NORDGREN



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG cautioned Church members to "Save your hay; save your chaff; save your straw; save your wheat; save your oats; save your barley, and everything that can be saved and preserved against a day of want."<sup>1</sup>

"The time will come," he added, "that gold will hold no comparison in value to a bushel of wheat."<sup>2</sup>

Heber C. Kimball, counselor to President Young, warned Church members to lay up enough wheat for *seven years*. "When we have stored away our grain we are safe," he said, "independent of the world, in case of famine, are we not? Yes, we are, for, in that case, we will have the means of subsistence in our own hands. When the famines begin upon the earth, we shall be very apt to feel them first."<sup>3</sup>

Orson Hyde, who, with Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, was one of the original Council of the Twelve Apostles chosen by the Prophet Joseph Smith, repeated the counsel:

"In view of the approaching crisis which has been preached about, written upon, and prophesied of by us . . . I would call upon the people of Utah, both Saint and sinner, Jew and Gentile, white man and red, to quit their vain and unprofitable traffic and speculation, and go to with their might to raise wheat, corn, and stock.

"Save all your grain, and sow all you possibly can. Rich deposits of snow are now being made in the mountains, according to your prayers, which betoken a fruitful year. Ask God to bless your labors, and every seed that you sow in the earth. Prepare storehouses in which it can be saved. Remember Joseph in Egypt! The old man himself, and all the boys had to go to him, for he had corn in time of famine. . . .

"There is more salvation and security in wheat, than in all the political schemes of the world, and also more power in it than in all the contending armies of the nations. Raise wheat and lay it up in store till it will bring a good

price: not in dollars and cents, but kingdoms, countries, peoples, tribes and tongues. 'They have sold themselves for naught, and must be redeemed without money!' *It will take wheat to redeem them.* Raise wheat and lay it up securely, and it will preach the 'gathering' more eloquently, successfully, and extensively than all the missionaries that we can send out to sweep through the nations, with the proclamation of the judgments of God abroad in the land!

"I shall ask . . . that our home missions be not diminished, but increased, if possible; and all set to raising wheat, and make Zion a house and city of refuge for the Saints and for the sons of strangers, that they may come and build up our walls, even as the old prophet hath spoken. . . . Trust in God! And if your works be good, and plenty of them, your faith will not be questioned."<sup>4</sup>

"I WILL now make a few remarks in relation to building storehouses," President Kimball declared. "Every man who has a farm needs a storehouse—one made of rock and lime, that will guard your grain against the mice, rats, and all other four-legged vermin; also

against the two-legged ones. I have more fears of the two-legged ones than I have of the four-legged ones.

"Plan to build a good storehouse, every man who has a farm, and never cease until you have accomplished it. And do not forget to pay your tithing before you put the grain into the storehouse. Lay up enough for *seven years*, at a calculation for from five to ten in each family; and then calculate that there will be in your families from five to ten persons to where you now have one, because you are on the increase. . . . Increase the amount every year in proportion to your probable requirements. . . .

"Be wise, listen to counsel, and obey the voice of the head, and you will prosper and never want for bread; but, as the Lord liveth, you will feel it, if you do not continue in the line of duty. . . . I consider that carefully storing our surplus grain against a time of need is of the greatest importance to this people.

"Now, go to, and raise grain; for I feel satisfied that the Lord will give us two, three, or four years of good times, and will hold the enemies of the upright by the bit, *if we will do right.* I will have that '*if*' in every time; for, in such case, I tell you that God will hold our enemies, and they cannot have any power until He has a mind to permit them; and then He will only permit them for a time, in order to manifest His Almighty power and to qualify and prepare them for a time to come. I mean just what I say.

"As I have said, I know that we will see those things of which I have spoken—such famines as this world never beheld. Yes, we have got to see those scenes; but if we will keep our vows and covenants, the Lord will hold them off until we can prepare ourselves; and if you will wake up and do as you are told, you will escape!

"I will advise every man in every settlement to build a storehouse; and if one cannot do so alone, let two or three build one between them. Store up and preserve your grain, and then you will be safe. But if the famine should come upon us in our present condition, what could we do? If we do not do as we are told in this thing, the displeasure of the Lord will be upon us, and He will not continue to bless us as He is now doing. . . .

"There are a great many things that we can save and take care of, as well as we can wheat, barley, and oats. We can dry pumpkins, squashes, currants, apples, peaches, etc., and save them; we can also save beans, peas, and like articles, and keep them for seven years. And if you will take the right care of your wheat, you can save it just as long

(Concluded on page 102)

<sup>1</sup>Journals of Discourses XII:241

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., I:250

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., V:20

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., II:205-6



# •—The BIBLE and SPEECH

By CALVIN T. RYAN

ON no one point of conduct is the Bible more explicit than on that of speech. Wisdom literature is filled with advice and with warning. Genesis gives us the origin of different languages in the building of the Tower of Babel. The Ten Commandments warn us against taking the name of the Lord in vain. Paul again and again refers to the need for guarding one's speech. The Epistle of James devotes the third chapter mostly to the taming of the tongue and a "good conversation."

Jesus is outspoken:

But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. (Matthew 12:36.)

O generation of vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. (*ibid.*, verse 34.)

A man's words become an index to his inner life.

When men are all of "one tongue," they can understand one another and labor well together, but when there is a confusion of tongues, there is misunderstanding. Unhappily, generally the first words immigrants learn to speak are blasphemous. Children in a home where adults swear soon pick up the words. However innocently such words are used, they are warned against by the commandment, and again by Jesus.

Ecclesiasticus has more to say about the effect of improper speech, swearing, gossiping, and filthy conversation than any other wisdom book. (Ecclesiasticus is found in The Apocrypha.)

It is through his lips that the sinner is caught, And the abusive and the proud are tripped by them.

Do not accustom your mouth to an oath, And do not form the habit of uttering the name of the Holy One;

For just as a servant who is constantly being questioned

Does not lack the marks of a blow,

So the man who constantly swears and utters the Name

Cannot be absolved from sin.

The flute and the lute make sweet melody, But a pleasant tongue is better than both of them.

The stroke of a whip maketh a blue mark: but the stroke of the tongue will break the bones. Many have fallen by the edge of

the sword but not so many as have perished by their own tongue.

The author of this fine collection of sayings must have known gossips. He writes:

Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor? let it die within thee, trusting that it will not burst thee.

We have all seen the gossip so filled with her "news" that she seems about to burst. She just *must* tell it to all within "bombing distance." Only, Sirach expresses it more vividly when he writes, "At the hearing of a word the fool is in travail, as a woman groaning in the bringing forth a child."

Likewise he could give advice on speaking which is still taught in our schools, if not practised in our legislative halls.

Speak, young man, if you are obliged to, And only if you are asked repeatedly.

Speak concisely; say much in few words; Act like a man who knows more than he says.

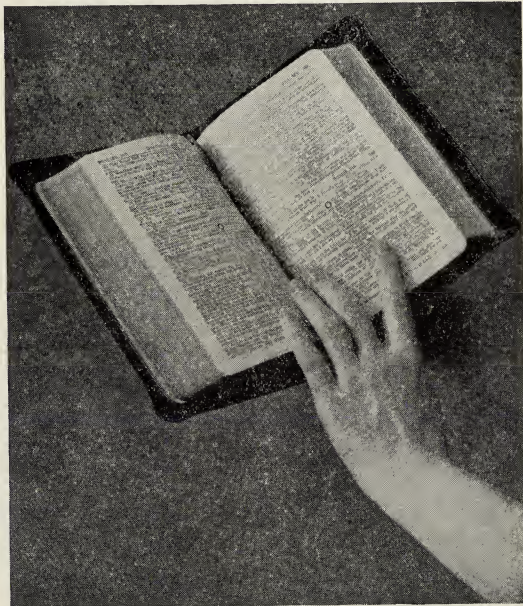
It cannot be for naught that the Bible has so much to say about man's speech. Perhaps James is right when he says:

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. (James 3:2.)

So difficult is it for us to bridle our tongues. Just now we hear ourselves, and we read where others notice the increased prevalence of swearing. We know from our own experience that many conversations are not only trite and worthless but are also proof of our shallowness of feeling. We are guilty of the "idle word." Sir Isaac Newton, we are told, never used the word "God" in conversation without a pause, or if he had on his hat, he would lift it. That reverence is seldom found in any conversation of our day.

YES, there must be some reason for the Bible's emphasis upon man's speech. Paul tells the Ephesians that they are not merely to keep from fornication, uncleanness, and covetousness; they are not to mention them in their conversation. And note, Paul places obscenity and "foolish talking" along with the other things as no part of the one who hath "inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God."

—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts



# The CHURCH WELFARE Movement

By Robert McOmie

"**Y**OU should visit Welfare Square and see for yourself. It is more than just a bishops' storehouse," my neighbor told me. "It is doing a great deal to unite our people; it is helping our missionary work; it is increasing our faith; it will make us less selfish; it is putting the gospel into practice!"

I assured my neighbor that I would spend at least one day at Welfare Square—not as a visitor, but as a worker. This I did, and that is one day I'll never forget! I never dreamed that such a place existed. All the workers, including a few handicapped persons, were assigned to tasks suited to their individual capacities. The directors instructed us to set our own speed standards, that we were not competing for honors but instead were expected to do our best according to our strength. From that moment, the work proceeded calmly, steadily, without any fuss, without grumbling, without profanity, and with everyone helpful, cheerful, and happy. Never before had I seen such a spirit among a group of workers. The whole atmosphere seemed to be charged with the sincerity and devotion of these men and boys. They were working without compulsion, without fear, without expecting any material reward, yet they were giving freely of their time and were enjoying it. Never before had I seen a better illustration of our Savior's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

**T**HAT NIGHT I went home a tired but a more happy and thoughtful man, and here are some of my thoughts:

I think the welfare program in the Church exemplifies the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ in an active and dynamic way. It is faith and religion put into action. The very essence of Christ's teachings was service to others—the helping of people in distress. The welfare plan fur-

nishes a splendid opportunity for such service.

I like the welfare plan because it can do a better job of helping the less fortunate than any of us can as individuals. Individual aid is usually more or less haphazard and often unsatisfactory, but with our welfare setup it is different. Here is a big organization, equipped with modern machinery, and having a whole army of willing workers. Of course, it can do the job a thousand times more efficiently than any individual.

When I look up at the towering elevators, and explore the warehouses, storage pits, the cannery, the creamery, and other manufacturing facilities found on Welfare Square, I am impressed with the vast power that this institution has for doing good, for here in these buildings is concentrated and cooperative power. Here are vast stacks of canned foods, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, groceries of every kind, hundreds of bushels of potatoes, and thousands of bushels of grain. How small one feels in the presence of such abundance!

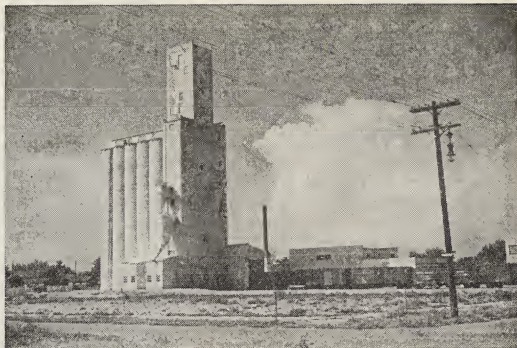
**I**T is awe inspiring to see how big this welfare plant of ours is. It

makes one feel that some of the modern inventions of man are being put to a peaceful and worthy use. Here unselfishness prevails, human kindness is being practised, and the throbbing of machines is not just noise. As one listens to the hum of motors, to the rattle of cans, to the rumble of trucks over the floors, and to the bustle of happy workers, one cannot help imagining that he hears as an undertone, a voice saying: "Love ye one another," and "Feed my sheep."

We may look upon the towering elevator of Welfare Square as a tall beacon of hope to all distressed peoples. It stands like a sentinel in a desert to welcome the weary traveler to eat and drink from its bounteous table. To those who have lost all their earthly possessions, and to those who can work no more, Welfare Square is like a blessing from heaven!

We know that our Heavenly Father is backing this great program, and that if we do our part to support it, that it will become in time a marvelous work and a wonder, and a very important part of the kingdom of God on earth.

CHURCH WELFARE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



—Photograph  
by  
Lloyd J.  
Byars



# Creating Interest

## IN THE CLASSROOM

By Dr. M. Lynn Bennion

SUPERINTENDENT, SALT LAKE CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

TEACHERS often ask such questions as the following: How can I arouse enough response to the lesson to get my students to take a serious interest in it? How can I promote a fruitful discussion in the class? How can I capitalize on the deep and restless craving for action on the part of youth? How may their tireless energy become a golden opportunity instead of the despair of distracted teachers? How can youthful exuberance be put to work and made a part of the lesson?

One excellent way is to ask the class a good question. Start with a concrete and practical problem, not an abstract principle. Don't ask, "Is it right to cheat?" Such a question is so obvious that everyone knows the answer. There must be a difference of opinion before a discussion can come to life. "Suppose that your football team is playing a close game," suggests the teacher. "The other team starts to cheat, and the referee lets it get away with it. What should your team do about it?" It's impossible to answer such a question with a simple "yes" or "no." There will likely be several different answers and eventually the whole question of fair play and good sportsmanship must be considered, as well as the greater problem of being square and honest in a society where dishonesty sometimes seems to pay.

Try always to start with a concrete and practical problem, not an abstract principle. Which of the following two problems would be more likely to create interest? "Is it ever right to steal?" or the question, "If a man is out of work and his children are hungry, should he steal rather than watch them starve?"

A live and thoughtful discussion requires a genuine problem close to the experience of the students, one where there is a difference of opinion and difficulty of decision. What problems are close to the experience of youth? The wide-awake teacher will discover hundreds of them. They want to get along successfully with people, act properly in different situations, select and win a good marriage partner, arrive at a satis-

factory explanation of the meaning of life and the universe—and much else.

Let the students do their own thinking and discover the truth for themselves. The teacher can plant the seed and do a little watering, but the plants themselves must do the growing and the blossoming. The teacher must be unprejudiced and impartial, showing sympathy and respect for all opinions expressed. Frank and honest expression is thereby encouraged.

THE teacher must encourage clear thinking and not just talk or trivial chatter. The students should learn to look at both sides of a question, developing tolerance toward new ideas. If the students can learn to look for the facts and reach conclusions based on facts, they are

learning to think. Teachers may enhance the process by pointing out information that is needed and where it may be found.

Is the teacher justified in leaving the lesson outlined to carry the discussion into modern everyday problems? Should the teacher forsake historical material and talk about life interests? That is not necessary. Relate the common elements in the two. One teacher found his boys very indifferent to his reading of the story of David and Jonathan. Their attitude changed when he asked, "How would you like to have Jonathan on your football team?" They debated the question briefly and decided he was too much of a "Bible sissy." "Just what type of fellow would you like on the team?" asked the teacher. Such qualities as courage, agreeable disposition, being a good athlete were listed. Then the teacher invited the boys to examine Jonathan critically to see if he measured up. He did. This teacher linked history with everyday life and helped boys to appreciate desirable human qualities through contact with one of the noble Bible characters.

Good discussion secures eager interest and close attention. Thinking is doing, just as surely as running or jumping is doing. Learning comes through doing. Doing, however, should not be limited to thought processes. The discussion method frequently discovers and inaugurates projects. An earnest and intelligent effort to solve a problem is itself a good project. Stated in simple words, a good project is an effort to put religion to work. "When a sound conclusion is arrived at through clear thinking, it is quite natural to ask, 'What can we do about it?'"

A FEW years ago, some of the Latter-day Saint institute classes near the University of Utah visited

(Concluded on page 111)



—Illustration by Fielding K. Smith

# "Knock, and It Shall Be Opened" YOU ARE YOU!

By Jack Sears

• By MATHOL D. HALE

## MISSIONARY PERSEVERANCE

WHEN I was transferred to the city of London, Ontario, in the Canadian Mission, I was informed that the people were very indifferent to our message and were not interested in the Church at all. We started thinking what would be necessary to interest the people in the gospel.

All people are interested in pictures and travlogs. We had presented the film "In the Tops of the Mountains" to many of our friends, and they all commented on how good it was.

We went to see the principal of a school. We told him that we were missionaries, and he said that no religion was allowed in the school. We prayed earnestly that we would be able to show this slide to the pupils and in this way be able to contact the children who would go home and give a favorable impression to their parents.

Our prayers were answered a few days later when we were called on the telephone and told that if we could get the permission from the Board of Education, we could show the pictures in the school. The next afternoon we made an appointment with the superintendent of the public schools of London. We took the script down and also the film and let him look it over. He said it would be applicable to the seventh grade of the schools since they were studying about the United States, and he also added that the script would be all right to give as it was and cautioned us not to add any "Mormon propaganda" to it and gave the principal orders to stop the pictures if we did any such thing. We assured him there would be no "Mormon propaganda" and that we would be very careful to exclude all religion and confine it to history alone. After we had finished presenting the films, we had five or ten minutes for the children to ask any questions that might have come up during the presenting of the films. The teacher gave us a wonderful commendation to the children when she said that she thanked us for donating our time by bringing these beautiful pictures of Utah and presenting them to the children free of cost.

We made an appointment and saw the superintendent to ask if the pictures could be shown in other schools. He said that the principal had said the films were very good and that we had his permission to show them in the other schools as long as we conformed to the above ruling. Our prayers had been truly answered, in that we were now able to show the films to any of the nineteen grade schools of the city.

The next day we went to another school. We explained the missionary system and how we come out for two years and support ourselves to spread

the gospel. This film, we continued, was a film which presented what these early Mormon Pioneers built up in the midst of the wilderness and some of the most interesting sights of Utah including the Bonneville Salt Flats, Zion and Bryce canyons; also the Kaibab Forest and Grand Canyon in Arizona, all pictures in technicolor.

He asked, "Can you show that here this morning?" We told him that we did not have the projector with us, but we could show it the following morning. The next morning we presented it to the seventh and eighth grades of that school. At these schools all four of the elders went, and each was introduced so that the children would tell their parents about the four Mormon missionaries who presented some lovely pictures of Utah at school.

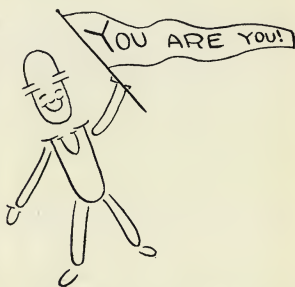
The following day we had an appointment at another school where we presented the pictures to approximately two hundred students of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. When the travlog was finished, we received an enormous applause and a very good word by the principal of the school in our behalf. The children then marched back to their classes, all but one teacher and a boy, who came up to me. The teacher introduced this child as one of our Mormon boys and informed me that he hadn't been able to find where we were holding our meetings here in London. We asked him where he was from. He replied that he was from Arizona.

The Lord does bless us with guidance if we but heed his counsel and obey the promptings of the Holy Ghost.

Finding this member and his family of three children inspired us to go forward ever working to do all the good that we could. The Home-school Organization made it possible for us to show the film at their meeting so that we were not only able to contact the children but also the parents. Also many of the businessmen were wanting programs for certain meetings. We met some of these businessmen at our volleyball class which we held every Thursday with them. Through these contacts we made arrangements to show the films at some of their meetings.

This is a great step forward in this town towards making it possible to present our gospel with something in common. These pictures give the people some knowledge of Utah and what the Mormons have accomplished in going to this wilderness and building hundreds of communities "In the tops of the mountains." With these slides we helped to break down the barrier between Mormonism and the rest of the world.

WHEN God created you, he made you absolutely different from any other living being—there is not a soul just exactly like you on the earth. That being the case, you are a personality in and of yourself. Then



of course you are never going to ape anybody. You are going to be yourself in everything you do; you are going to be original. Being a different person from all others, you are, I am sure, going to look at things differently, through a pair of personal eyes—individual eyes. You are going to speak with an individual voice, and you are going to say things in an original way—things which will be worth while. You are not going to compete with the herd of character assassins and gossips because you have no time for such things. Besides, your mind works on things of a higher nature, things worth while that build up rather than tear down. You are not going to kill time, because a dead thing does not radiate big thoughts and high ideals. You are not going to waste other people's time because to steal one's time is selfish. You are going to be able frankly and finally to say, "No" as well as, "Yes" when it is necessary. You are, I am sure, possessed with a charm, which you are going to develop continually as you would develop yourself by clear thinking, by practice, and by self-analysis.

### Brigham Young Said:

I DO NOT wish men to understand I had anything to do with our being moved here, that was the providence of the Almighty; it was the power of God that wrought out salvation for this people; I never could have devised such a plan.—*Journal of Discourses*, iv:41.



# Nature's CHORUS

By Alice Whitson Norton

SOMEWHERE in the space of every passing day, there should be—there must be—there is—a moment that stands out as one for rejuvenation of the soul, uplifting of the mind, and sweetening of the spirit.

To some it comes with the glorious fullness of the midday sun. To some it comes when the sun stains the west with all the colors of the rainbow and turns drifting clouds into magic ships and fantastic figures. Some find peace and quietude for their souls in the silver mist that comes with dusk when nature is settling down for its nightly rest and the woods are sweet with bird lullabies.

Each of these hours carries a weight of peace, beauty, and spiritual helpfulness—but to me, the matchless hour of the full twenty-four is that unspeakable, unexplainable period that comes with approaching daybreak when nature's celestial chorus fills the air.

When I was a small child, it was my good fortune to live in a home where early rising was necessary.

The morning choruses loosed by the invisible singers of the higher strata awakened early in me a maddening desire to know them intimately. To do this meant hours in the woods after the close of day or before dawn. I chose the latter.

Getting out of bed along with the family at three o'clock in the morning, I formed the habit of going to the spring for fresh water for breakfast. Growing up, surrounded by tall timber and high hills, I had no fear of the darkness—I loved it. During the darkest hours of the night I learned the difference between the call of an owl, blue heron, wild ducks, and moving caravans of wild geese. These birds, I discovered, sent out their plaintive calls from sunset to sunrise, some seeking food, some companionship, some merely idling away some wakeful hour.

A mockingbird singing from the topmost bough of a tall hackberry in the light of a full moon is like a stringed orchestra playing a symphony, instrument by instrument. And yet these heavenly voices pale

into insignificance compared to the chorus that precedes the dawn.

THE first time I heard the chorus that precedes the daybreak and recognized it as something vastly different from all the other bird choruses I had ever heard, was on a glorious autumn morning when I had risen on the stroke of three to go fishing with my father.

Because we both loved to walk together, and maybe because the path leading from our house to the river two miles distant ran beneath the tallest trees in the vicinity, up the highest hill, and out across a broad, fertile plateau close to the skies before it dipped down to the river again, we always walked.

At the old rail fence atop the hill where I had often listened to the voices of the night, my father halted.

"Listen, my child," he said softly. "The winged symphony is forming."

That expression from my father brought us closer together than all the years of our living together before had done. Somehow it had never occurred to me that my father was acquainted with this celestial choir that came just before the break of day. I had forgotten—nay, not even remembered—that he had been moving before the dawn through a cycle of years, and that his business took him into the dense forests in the valley and on the high hills about our cabin home.

I suddenly understood many things about my father that had puzzled me heretofore. Eagerly I

crept into the circle of his good right arm, and there we waited breathlessly for—what?

Suddenly from the misty stillness of a marshy pool in the meadow came the voice of the redwing blackbird. "O—gl—ee . . . o-gl-ee!"

From a dew-kissed clover field a meadow lark lifted a song. The voice of a field sparrow followed. An upland plover came in with his eerie whistle. Then suddenly I realized these were not solitary voices but groups of voices rising and falling in matchless unity to the magic baton of a matchless director.

"Did we hear the first notes, Father?" I asked softly.

"No," he answered. "The first notes probably sounded miles to the east, miles beyond our earshot. But we received the full significance of it as it rolled over us, and the echo of that chorus will live forever in our hearts."

I knew he had spoken truthfully. No one, having ever heard the dawn chorus, will ever forget it.

The suddenness of its beginning, the powerful force of it in the middle, and the sudden ending leaves one breathless in the great silence that follows.

The only strain of music I've ever heard that might be classed even as a faint echo of the dawn carol is the evening serenade often performed without rhyme, reason, or word in the extreme southern states where the Negro cotton pickers still gather around their small cabins after the long day is finished in the fields and begin singing.

One voice starts a melody in high soprano; others pick it up in alto, bass, and tenor, with strange, weird notes, high and fine, mournful as the gray dove, sweet as the upland plover. Like the dawn chorus, the symphony of Negro voices will rise, swell, and sink into oblivion, leaving the listener pondering in his soul at the beauty of the wordless song.

WHATEVER your favorite hour of the day may be, hold to it with a reverence. But for an unexplainable, soul-stirring thrill, make it your business to climb to the top of a high hill some summer morning before day breaks, watch the rosy fingers of dawn fling back the curtains of the morning along the eastern border, and listen to nature's ethereal chorus pass by.

## SALT LAKE CITY

By Hope Horsfall

SIMPLE elegance—  
Nobly planned—verdant—  
Snuggly nestled in the shadow  
Of God's skyscrapers.

Simple folk  
Whose ancestors planted seeds  
Of civilization  
In a barren valley.

Together form  
An enchanted city  
By a salty sea.

# ON THE BOOKRACK



**"WIST YE NOT THAT I MUST BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS?"**  
(J. Reuben Clark, Jr. Privately printed. 87 pages.)

**J**ESUS THE CHRIST is the central figure of the plan of salvation. Everything said about him is of interest to the members of his Church, and of double interest when said with the scholarship of the world and the faith from heaven. The theme of this book, reprinted from a recent series of articles in the *Relief Society Magazine*, is the visit of the twelve-year-old Jesus to the temple at Jerusalem, where he uttered for all time and all men the immortal words which form the title of this writing. The author with great skill has made the visit real to us who live far away from it in time. The family journeyed to Jerusalem to attend the passover feast—a seven day celebration—which included many rituals from temple sacrifices to the feast of unleavened bread. The happenings during this feast, in which Jesus took part, are described comprehensively, though in simple language, backed with a wealth of authority, sacred and profane. The story as here told makes the passover celebration and other Bible practices more attractive and clearer of understanding. The references, two hundred fifty-two of them, and the illustrations, are a real gift to Bible students. We need more such studies of the sacred scriptures!—J. A. W.

**UTAH, THE STORY OF HER PEOPLE**  
(Milton R. Hunter, Ph.D. A Centennial History of Utah. Deseret News Press. 431 pages. \$2.75.)

**J**UST such a history was needed in this centennial year. It furnishes "a sweep of Utah history from the arrival of the first white men in this region in 1540 up to the year 1947." The "sweep" is full of interesting facts and figures which not only furnish enjoyment in the reading but which also will be referred to year after year. Many an old-timer will discover things new to him in this book. Simply written in the author's clear and pleasing style, it is comprehensive in its treatment of historical events. It is also dependably accurate. The "know your Utah" movement might well begin with this volume. The forty-six chapters are accompanied by nearly seventy well-selected illustrations, several in color. Dr. L. H. Creer's summary introduction is good to read. Here is an excellent household history of the state of Utah.—J. A. W.

**A STUDY OF THE GOSPEL OF OUR SAVIOR**

(Alonzo Laker Cook. Published by the Author, Tremonton, Utah. 432 pages. 1946.)

**L**ATTER-DAY SAINTS are impelled to bear witness of the truth, each according to his gifts. In this volume of twenty-seven chapters, a variety of themes, some of the keenest present-day interest, are developed from sound gospel doctrine. Thoughtful consideration of the revealed word of God with many wise comments, characterize the book. It is really a devoted man's view of the plan of salvation as applied to human life.—J. A. W.

**SWEET LOVE REMEMBERED**  
(Helen Cortez Stafford. Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City. 452 pages. \$2.75.)

**R**EAL persons and true historical events crowd the pages of this novel. Mary Ann Phelps, the heroine, shares with her people, from her early childhood, the experiences of the Church, beginning with the Missouri persecutions, continuing with life in Nauvoo and on the trek across the plain, and ending with pioneering in Salt Lake valley, San Bernardino, and Bear Lake valley. It is a well-told, sympathetic panorama of the eventful years in "Mormon" history from 1838 to the nineties of the last century.

The fidelity of Mary Ann to her faith is the real theme of the book. For her faith she gives up her young non-"Mormon" lover, and becomes the plural wife of Charles C. Rich. Amidst her pioneering toil she rears a family of sturdy children, devoted to her and to the Church. One, strong-willed and independent, fails to catch her mother's faith and marries a man of her own type.

The story makes easy, informative, and interesting reading. It represents careful, historical research. It gives also another glimpse of one of the remarkable men who tore prosperity from the unwilling desert—C. C. Rich.—J. A. W.

**CHRISTIAN FAITH AND MY JOB**  
(Alexander Miller. Association Press, New York. 60 pages. \$1.00.)

**T**HIS, the second publication of Haddam House, maintains well the standard set by the first, *Beyond This Darkness*. The objective of this book is to encourage young people, in this confused and often selfish world, to apply the teachings of Christ in every job undertaken. No matter what we do in the Church or out, on Sunday or weekdays, we should make our task a part of our Christian life. This thesis is presented briefly but interestingly.—J. A. W.

**THE NOBLE VOICE**  
(Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1946. 328 pages. \$3.00.)

**D**EALING with the ten great heroic poems from the Iliad to Don Juan, the author,



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

an eminent poet in his own right, has done an heroic piece of work in analyzing the characteristics that have made these poems measure up during the passing of the ages. Those who read this book of critical essays will be stirred undoubtedly to reread the original poetry with new awareness as well as a new critical sense. Mr. Van Doren's analysis will undoubtedly shake many of his readers from their complacent acceptance of these great writers, but it will certainly make them think and refuse to accept any one person's estimate of the books or poetry that they may read.—M.C.J.

**THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA**  
(Kenneth S. Latourette. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1946. 344 pages. \$3.00.)

**T**HIS revised edition of a worth-while, authentic history of China deserves wide distribution among those who are genuinely interested in obtaining an authentic understanding of the Flowery Kingdom. An authority on Chinese and Eastern problems, Professor Latourette is an instructor at Yale University.

Complete with bibliography and index, the book includes the following divisions: Geographic Background of China; History; Origin and Formative Centuries, From the Han Dynasty to the First War with England; Chinese Culture at the Beginning of Intimate Contact with the West, China . . . to the War with Japan (1834-1894); The Transformation of China, Present-day Problems of China.

In addition to the information which the author has so well in hand, the treatment is interesting and the style appealing.—M.C.J.

**GLASS HOUSE OF PREJUDICE**

(Dorothy W. Baruch. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1946. 205 pages. \$2.50.)

**M**AINTAINING her own practice as consulting psychologist in Beverly Hills, California, Dr. Baruch has had wide experience in the field in which she writes. One of her previous books, *You, Your Children and War* was awarded the *Parents' Magazine* gold medal for the outstanding book of the year for parents. Many of her articles have appeared in *Mental Hygiene*, *Journal of Consulting Psychology*, *Childhood Education*, *The Nation*, *Parents' Magazine*, and other periodicals.

Divided into four sections: Effects of Prejudice, Causes of Prejudice, Cures for Prejudice, and References and Supplementary Materials, this book is one that everyone will do well to read and consider.—M. C. J.

**THUNDER OUT OF CHINA**

(Theodore H. White and Analee Jacoby. William Sloane Associates, New York. 1946. 331 pages. \$3.00.)

**A** DRAMATIC BOOK, this actual recording of happenings in the history of China makes exciting reading. The authors have the knowledge of the subject with which they are dealing and have, moreover, the ability to write well about that which they know. There is something very satisfactory in having a ringside seat at this history in the making, for we learn to know the cause and effect and in a measure become analysts in our own right.—M.C.J.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA





## ETCHING

By Kathrine H. Williams

IN later years, as scriptural narratives show,  
John dwelt at Ephesus—a colossal form  
In the striving church. Etched on the after-  
glow  
Of Patmos, John could light the blackest storm  
Of evil Wordless and rapt, with thoughts above  
The strife, he often sat alone, apart,  
As if by that great sea of his Master's love,  
Its cool waves still awash against his heart.

The problem may have been a fear or dread  
Of some new humiliation sent to bind  
Or some high crescendo of sin that bowed a head—

To John they turned with one accord and the mind,  
Like a folded flower opening to the sun,  
Unclassed beneath this warmth they sought above

All else: "Let there be love . . ." would counsel John,  
"It was the Master's command . . . let there be love. . . ."

## WHAT IS FAITH

By Zelda Davis Howard

FAITH is the opposite of fear,  
A quieting optimism,  
An exquisite strain of harmony,  
With strengthening watchwords  
Heard only by the inner ear.

Faith is not known to bar or bind,  
'Tis a constant contentedness,  
A buoyant spirit calm and serene  
With mellowing ecstasy—  
Faith is the June-morning of the mind!

## THEY ALSO SERVE

By Norma Wrathall

SHE often wears a dress of old design,  
Faded and clean, of color nondescript,  
Around her head, a scarf once bright may twine;  
Her shoes are wide and loose, her tread is slow,  
Because, for many years, she's walked and stood  
Long meager, toiling hours, doing good.

Each Sunday, weather fair or bleak, she'll go  
To take the cups, the bread, the shining trays  
Into the waiting church, with care bestow  
Them on a clean, white-covered table, place  
The chairs, the padded step, where men will kneel  
To make of common food, a blessed meal.

Soon, in the quiet church, men's words of praise  
And songs of eloquence will fill the air—  
So she would speak, but knows no words to tell  
Her soul's desire, through years of constant care—  
O, God, bless also those who daily wait  
In humble service, inarticulate.

FEBRUARY 1947

## MEMORIES

By Edna S. Dustin

OUR mind is like a fast moving train  
Nosing its way where the tracks are laid.  
We may travel those rails when its branches are bare,  
But we'll scent the fragrance of wild plum in the air.

Memories are like passing pictures  
We snatch through its windowpane,  
Like the wild plum in bloom at the side of the road  
That wrenches our heart with nostalgic pain.

## CURIOUS

By Maurine Jacobs

I SAT in my study  
Alone—apart—  
The doors closed between me  
And the shrilling noise outside.  
I wondered how God felt  
Withdrawn—removed—  
Up in his high heaven  
With restless man below.

## PIONEER FENCES REMAIN

By Helen Maring

KEEPING the children in bounds for their playing,  
Weathered, and hewn by the pioneer father—  
Fences of cedar are mossed in decaying.  
Keeping their cattle was always a bother.

Rail laid on rail, met the fence posts in bias,  
Balanced to place them with strength they were giving;  
There was the spirit, and things that would try us—  
Hardy, enduring, and rugged as living.

Earth grows the trees, and the wood gives back timber;  
After those years when the going was rougher  
Cabins are dust or the massacre's cinder  
Darkens in memory. Fences are tougher.



—Photograph by Willard Luce

## MY LAND

By Carrie Hunter

MUSIC is in the sound of wheat fields blowing,  
The crystal heels of sleet upon the roof;  
Within the rustling leaves of green corn growing,  
And thunder riding by with pounding hoof.

Music is in the wind that bends the grasses  
Low on the hill-road where the children run;  
In flashing wings, and each small step that passes  
Along the path of night to mornings sun.

Beauty is in the fields and sparkling water  
Which scintillate like jewels on your breast.  
Rich is my land with hoards of earth's warm laughter,  
And thick blue skies above the hill's green crest.

## DREAMS

By Arthur W. Peach

"FORGET them," said Sorrow;  
"Dreams have their day."  
Despair added quickly,  
"Toss them away."

But Wisdom said gently,  
"Hold fast to dreams,  
For joy is found often  
In what only seems.

"And Faith looking forward  
May make a dream last  
Till life makes it true,  
And doubt is all past.

"To live without dreaming  
Is living in vain:  
Make dreams in life's music  
A happy refrain!"

## THE LESSON OF LOSS

By Vivian Orden Reeves

"I COULD NOT live," I said, "if you were gone.  
To face, alone, the sunset, darkness, dawn,  
Would break my heart and set the spirit free  
To seek you in some far eternity."

So once I said. How was I then to know  
That hungry days and years can come and go?  
That hearts can break yet beat in spite of pain?  
And spirits sick, rebellious, still remain?

"I could not live." So many speak the phrase,  
And yet, to each, come empty, aching days.  
But sorrow serves to make the whole world kin,  
And broken hearts let understanding in.



By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

## *Encroachment by Precedent*

THERE is a principle of common law to the effect that a privilege, freely and unrestrainedly continued, may come to be looked upon as a right. For example, if we permit a man to walk over our property once, we have granted him a privilege. But if we permit him to walk over it as often as he wishes, as long as he chooses, without warning of trespass, we may, in time and under some circumstances, have granted him a perpetual right—an easement, as it is legally referred to. And thus, by neglect or indifference, we may have lost the ability to control what is ours. Rights are frequently acquired and perpetuated by making persistent use of them, and frequently lost or forfeited by failure to use them. Often we take them for granted. We sometimes delegate them to others. We elect a public officer and assume that he will not exceed his powers and prerogatives; or we appoint a private agent and assume that he will serve our interests—and then we go our way and ask, in effect, not to be bothered. But all the history that men have recorded, and all the human nature that men have encountered have served notice on us that those to whom we delegate powers and privileges tend to exceed their assignments. And when someone has exceeded his assignment once, without check or restraint, without being called to account, he may assume license to do so again and again. And thus, by letting the camel get its nose under the tent, so to speak, precedents are established which come to have the effect of law, whether or not such law was ever enacted or intended. And when such encroachment is once under way, the people soon find that they have to exert themselves to set right what, by their laxity, has been allowed to get out of line. Anyone who uses delegated authority—anyone who represents others—must never be permitted to presume that such authority is permanently his or inherent within him—for the people, who have the right to delegate authority have also the right to revoke it; and because a man has been permitted to speak for other men, it does not follow that he owns other men. If he assumes that he does, it may be partly his fault and partly the fault of those who have been careless of their rights, for to allow the privilege of trespassing once may easily come to be looked upon as the right to walk over anyone at any time.

—December 8, 1946.

## *Peace Is a Personal Problem*

THIS is the second such season that we have enjoyed since war formally ceased. And the measure of peace that has since been ours, and the progress that has been made toward prolonging peace, we count among our highest blessings. It would be pleasant to record that all differences had died, but this cannot, in truth, be done. And although it may seem to be an over-simplification to say so, peace is a personal problem. It is a personal problem, because keeping peace among families and friends and neighbors is a necessary prelude to keeping peace among strangers. Would it not be unreasonable for us to expect statesmen to keep peace in far places if we were unable or unwilling to do it in our own homes, or in our own towns, or in our own back yards, so to speak. Would it not be unreasonable to expect them to keep peace among peoples of different outlook and background and history, if we were unwilling or unable to keep peace among people whom we have known and lived with all our lives? Would it not be unfair for us to expect anyone to keep peace for us among strangers if we were not able and willing to keep peace between neighbor and neighbor, between employee and employer, between brother and brother? The principal problems of the world reduce themselves essentially to the problem of getting along with people. And all this we must remember before we expect too much of the men who work for peace, and too little of ourselves. They cannot wrap it up and bring it home to us as a surprise package. There is something of its making that must come from us. "... Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."<sup>1</sup> This was affirmed by the Prince of Peace and by prophets who preceded him. And when we go back to the problems of business, to the pressure of the office, to the labor of the shop, back to the daily realities of the working world, may we take with us the spirit of this timeless truth—for peace is a personal problem. And may we find that peace of which the angels sang when shepherds watched and wise men worshipped.

<sup>1</sup>Matthew 22:37-39

—December 22, 1946.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# FROM TEMPLE SQUARE



## *Reconciliation With Life*

ATTITUDES toward life change with age and experience. As children there may have been times when we confidently believed that the world was ours, that we were the center of the universe, that our convenience and desires were all-determining factors. But with increasing years and the discipline of experience we come to learn that life is a schooling—and not a holiday. We come to learn also that some of the required courses are not to our liking, and that some of the lessons are difficult to take. And some of us make the discipline seem harder than it needs to be. In the bitterness of disappointment, or in the wake of some unwanted experience, we sometimes rebel against life, and fight it all the way, resisting everything that is, and murmuring against every circumstance, with feelings of resentment because of lessons that we think are too severe, and because of burdens that we feel are too heavy to be borne. And yet we do find ourselves somehow bearing them as they come, and learning how to get along with our own troubles. Often quoted is the old and well-worn story of the man who came to the place where all men bring their burdens, in the hope of exchanging his load for that of someone else. But after gazing upon the troubles of others, he was willing to take up his own again. As the years increase upon our heads, we come to learn that all men have their full share of troubles, and that, by comparison, some of our own seem much less heavy. And when all the facts are known, it is highly probable that many whom we may once have envied, and many who we may once have thought were trouble-free, are carrying around in their lives and in their hearts many things that we wouldn't wish to take on, not even if, in doing so, we could lay down our own load. We do somehow learn to live with our own troubles. But it could well be that we might find it exceedingly difficult to learn to live with someone else's. And wisdom would suggest that we become reconciled to what we cannot change.

—December 15, 1946.

## *Teaching Is More Than Telling*

SOMETIMES we are puzzled by the apparent ineffectiveness of some of our teaching. Surely, we may think, we have told our youth often enough what to do and what not to do. But often we make the mistake of supposing that merely telling them is teaching them. And often we forget that their ideas of life are formed

by all of the impressions that pass before them—and not merely by our formal instruction. We may tell them what is right, but if they are constantly exposed to impressions that are contrary to what we tell them, much shall have been done to void our verbal teaching. For example, we may earnestly teach them of the sanctity of the home and of the sacredness of marital vows, but if we make light of such things—if we make clever entertainment out of marital infidelity and the breakdown of homes—we shall have done much to offset our earnest instructions. If we make humor out of off-color subjects, if we make brilliant dialogue out of unconventional situations, if we make what shouldn't be done appear to be socially smart, we confuse the thinking and break down the standards of our youth, and make it difficult for them to know where they stand with respect to life. If in fiction, in drama, in private conversation or public entertainment, or through any medium, we glamorize those who live outside the law, or glorify cynicism, or encourage offensive humor, or create admiration for those who defy the rules of life, we shall have done much to mislead our children, and, indeed, perhaps ourselves as well. We may say, and earnestly mean it, that virtue is its own reward, that crime doesn't pay, that the way of the transgressor is hard, all of which is profoundly true, but teaching is so much more than the mere telling of time-worn truths. And formal preaching, however sincere, may be sorry competition for vividly portrayed adventure. Our youth are taught by exposure to all the influences that make up life, whether fiction or fact; and whenever we make what is wrong seem exciting or desirable or socially smart, we shall have diluted our better teachings, whether or not it was our intention to do so.

—December 1, 1946.

## *On Throwing Away Experience*

IN the pungent phrasing of Benjamin Franklin: "Experience is a dear school, but a fool can learn in no other." These words suggest two ways which we learn the lessons of life: by our own experience and by the experience of others. They suggest also that the experience of others is a great heritage, and the more we learn from it the less of life we waste. For example, if every scientist insisted on going back to the beginning to perform all the experiments that all his predecessors had performed, there would be little or no progress in science. Life would be wasted in proving what had already been proved. If every explorer were to discard all maps and ignore all previous explorations, there

Copyright, 1947

(Concluded on page 113)

# 47 The CHURCH MOVES ON

## Book of Mormon Manuscript

MORE fragments of the Book of Mormon manuscript are now in the vaults of the Church Historian. They were given to the Church by Charles C. Richards, who with his father, Franklin D. Richards, one-time President of the Council of the Twelve, received them in May 1885, at Nauvoo, from Major Lewis A. Bidamon, husband of Emma Smith, the Prophet's widow.

On October 2, 1841, the Prophet placed this original manuscript in the cornerstone of the Nauvoo House. There it stayed for forty-one years, until 1882, when the old foundation of the building was torn down by Major Bidamon, and the box was discovered. During the time that the box was in the foundation, the elements had seeped through and destroyed much of the valued contents.

A second manuscript copy of the Book of Mormon was made in July 1829, by Oliver Cowdery. This was the copy that was sent to the printer from which was set the type for the Book of Mormon. This manuscript was owned, at times, by Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer. For years it has been the prized possession of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and is kept at their headquarters in Independence, Missouri.

## Elder Benson

ELDER EZRA TAFT BENSON of the Council of the Twelve, and former president of the European Mission, returned from his duties in Europe shortly before Christmas and has now resumed his duties at his desk in the Church Administration building. Affairs in Europe are now under the direction of Elder Alma Sonne, assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

## Mesa Stake

MESA STAKE, one hundred sixty-first stake in the Church, was created December 8, from part of the Maricopa Stake.

Included in the Mesa Stake are the Chandler, Gilbert, Mesa Second, Third, Fifth, Seventh, and Alma wards, as well as the Coolidge and Superior branches. The membership totals 3,935.

Lucian M. Mecham, Jr., was sustained as president of the Mesa Stake, with Alma M. Davis and Frihoff P. Nielson as counselors.

Remaining in the Maricopa Stake, with a membership of 3,675, are the Lehi, Mesa First, Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Papago, Pine, and Tempe wards, and the Spanish-American Branch.

## CORRECTION

THE report of the acquisition, by the Church, of property of historic interest at McKune, Pennsylvania, in the December issue, page 799, reads as if John the Baptist baptized Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery there. Church history records that John the Baptist restored the Aaronic Priesthood to these men, instructing them to baptize each other. Joseph Smith first baptized Oliver Cowdery who then baptized the Prophet.

The presidency of the Maricopa Stake remained intact. They are President Lorenzo Wright and his counselors William R. Ellsworth and Marion W. Turley.

The organization was effected by Elders Joseph Fielding Smith and Charles A. Callis of the Council of the Twelve.

## Church and Indians

THE Church has recently established a school for Navajo and Piute Indian children at Blanding, Utah, as part of the missionary activity to these people. Most of the students are under twelve years old. Albert R. Lyman and his wife, Gladys Lyman, are teaching in the two-roomed building. The school has also become a center where the Indian women come to repair their families' clothing.

President George Albert Smith who was unable to see the commissioner of Indian affairs in a recent trip to Washington, D. C., saw the assistant commissioner, and reported as he arrived back in Salt Lake City:

I am satisfied that the commission would fill its obligation to the Indians by providing them with all the schools their treaty calls for, provided Congress would appropriate the money.

We have desired for a long time to do something to help the Navajos and other Indians. If the Navajo tribal council will grant the necessary permission, our Church will establish schools and missions within the Navajo reservation. We want to see to it that they get all the education they want, and with it a desire to take full advantage of all their other opportunities. We appreciate that the Navajos cannot be herded into villages when they prefer to live out in the wide open spaces.

## Sunday School Secretary

RICHARD E. FOLLAND, former president of the South African Mission, has been named executive secretary of the Deseret Sunday School Union

board, by General Superintendent Milton Bennion. This is a new position, but he succeeds Wendell J. Ashton, who has been general secretary. Elder Ashton, who joins the *Deseret News* staff, continues as a member of the general board.

## "The Children's Friend"

APPOINTMENT of Mary R. Jack as associate editor of *The Children's Friend*, the magazine of the Primary Association, has been announced by Mrs. Adele Cannon Howells, president of that organization. Miss Jack is a former general secretary of the Primary Association. She is now secretary of the board of trustees of the Primary Children's Hospital, and secretary of the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir.

## Temple Square Visitors

A RECORD TOTAL of 719,765 visitors came to Salt Lake City's Temple Square during the year 1946. This compares with 377,110 for the year 1945, and 286,809 for 1936. Previous all-time high was 465,432 for the year 1941. It is expected that a million tourists will come to Temple Square during the centennial year.

## New Missionaries

APPROXIMATELY sixty percent of the missionaries now being sent into the field are veterans of World War II, most of whom saved while in uniform for the opportunity of going on a mission. If the sending of full-time missionaries to their fields of labor continues at its present rate, five thousand missionaries will be in the missions sometime during this centennial year of 1947. The prewar all-time high was reached in June 1941 when 2,250 missionaries were functioning. During the war years full-time missionary activity dropped to the low ebb of 350, because there were no replacements as the elders completed their missions and were called into the service.

The year 1947 will stand for some time as a high mark in missionaries in the field for two reasons: missionaries are being called almost as never before; and, there will be few releases during the year because most missionaries, called after having been released from the armed forces, have yet some time to complete their two years or more as missionaries.

As to the over-all picture of mission activity, Elder Franklin J. Murdock, mission secretary has said:

All missions operated before the war again are functioning and, in addition, a flourishing branch of the Swedish Mission has been established in Finland. Numbers



of missionaries in some sections of Europe now are low but are being augmented as fast as visas can be obtained to send additional personnel.

It has been reported by the office of the First Council of the Seventy that there are over twenty-five hundred part-time missionaries functioning in one hundred fifty-nine of the organized stakes of the Church.

#### Servicemen's Books

THE American Bible Society has revealed that it supplied 8,923,355 Testaments to the armed services during World War II.

The Church servicemen's committee states that it sent 95,000 sets—the Book of Mormon and *Principles of the Gospel*—to Latter-day Saint men and women in uniform during the war. In addition, this committee printed a twelve-page pocket-sized servicemen's edition of the *Church News* monthly from May 1944 to the present time, for free distribution among Latter-day Saint servicemen.

#### New Wards

FONTANA WARD, San Bernardino Stake, has been created from an independent branch, with James B. Thorup as bishop.

San Mateo Ward, San Francisco Stake, has been organized with Stanley S. Gibb as bishop. The ward was formerly a part of the Burlingame Ward.

Two Fillmore, Utah, wards of the Millard Stake have been divided to make three. Bishops are Von B. Taylor of the First Ward, Milton A. Melville of the Second Ward, and D. LaMoyné Melville of the Third Ward.

#### Ward Name Changed

OCEAN BEACH WARD of the San Diego Stake was formerly known as the La Jolla Ward.

#### Brigham Young University

THE Church university, Brigham Young University, at Provo, Utah, continues to expand its facilities. Housing units were to be completed in January for some three hundred fifty single veterans and two hundred veteran families. A new health center treated

one thousand five hundred students during the month of November. There are buildings under construction for twenty classrooms, twenty-six offices, a heating plant, cafeteria, and a health center.

#### Missionaries Released

##### JULY

*Brazilian:* M. Paul Mertlich, Salt Lake City; Ruth Evelyn Evans Mertlich, Salt Lake City.

*California:* Martha Julia G. Albrecht, Logan, Utah; Robert Albrecht, Logan, Utah; Lucile Bodily, Vernal, Utah; Max Conley, Portage, Utah; Elvira Farnes, Ft. Collins, Colorado; Carl John Johnson, Salt Lake City; George Thomson, Magrath, Alberta, Canada; William Joseph Francis, Ely, Nevada; Priscilla M. Francis, Ely, Nevada.

*Canadian:* Glenna Foote, Welling, Alberta, Canada.

*East Central States:* Orson S. Taylor, St. George, Utah; Mrs. Minnie H. Taylor, St. George, Utah.

(Continued on page 116)



THIRD QUORUM OF ELDERS OF THE SACRAMENTO STAKE AND THEIR WIVES AND GUESTS AT A MISSIONARY FUND BANQUET



MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME DECEMBER 2, AND DEPARTING DECEMBER 12, 1946

Reading from left to right, first row: Charles E. Scott, Jr., Verl Ray Summers, Archie Dean Barney, Eugene Grant Cameron, Nephi Sachs, Grant T. Wagner, Roger F. Hagley, Neil H. Carruthers, Howard C. Macfarlane, George L. Egbert, Joseph H. Fish, Max F. Jackson.

Second row: Melva Powell, Mary Evelyn Tate, Sybil Martin, Walter J. Carver, Robert E. Nielsen, Donna Jean Weaver, Don B. Colton, director; Eugene L. Kerr, Frederick Angel, Caroline L. Tucker, Maria C. John, Ellen Jane Kerr, Norma Thorne, Elden Reed Van Wagener.

Third row: Raymond Openshaw, Murvin L. Waite, Ruby Irene Maples, Pearl H. Stott, Esther Fuller, Ruth Gates, Phyllis E. Lee, Donna E. Williams, Helen H. Loflin, Ella Rae Wilson, Ardeth Charlene Weber, Ruby Schwartz, Max Fullmer, Ellis K. Reed.

Fourth row: Fred R. Bingham, Lyle O. Wright, Dean E. Smith, Del Roy C. Bodily, Joseph M. Smith,

Bruce B. Hall, Kenneth Judd, Opal Hart, Roxie F. Horne, John T. Horne, Erma Flewe, Virginia Parrish, Harriet Hutchison.

Fifth row: W. M. Carpenter, Melva Carpenter, Kilburn D. Wilson, Jesse L. Beagley, Jr., Vance E. Spaulding, Harold L. Ripley, Newell A. Nelson, Vania H. Nelson, Esther M. Petersen, Floyd Peterson, LaRue Hadlock, Sarah Murray, Carrie G. Knudsen, Christian Knudsen.

Sixth row: Lilly May Norton, Leo E. Bendixen, Harvard A. Bitter, Arden E. Taylor, Elmer R. Spencer, Eloyne Griffiths, Margaret Layton, Carey Pearce, John M. Newey, Mark L. Southworth, Darrell Anderson.

Seventh row: Rulon C. Ogden, George M. Pay, Della Jane Pay, Charles S. Norton, James P. Cameron, Hilda V. Cameron, Ezra E. Larsen, Peggy Stewart, Hermine Briggs, Jack Bowen, Hazen Muir, Ruth Knudsen, Wendall Phillips.

Eighth row: John Ted Garner, Chester P. Neal, Justin M. Peck, Jay R. Fowles, Johannes A. Allis, Richard K. Sellers, Roy I. Tsuya, Morgan E. Sealey,

O. Grant Neilson, Bobby B. Bradford, George Greer Sloan, Sean Boley Bigler, Myrle J. Gull, Wayne A. Devey.

Ninth row: Ervin H. Goodman, John N. Cannon, Ernest Craig Bramwell, Cloyd R. Chamberlain, R. Raymond Barnes, J. DeWain Smith, Robert M. Francis, William Ray James, Delmer E. Buchanan, Robert C. Watson, Dale H. Taylor, David L. Rowley.

Tenth row: John Allen Brinkertoft, M. K. Pond, E. R. Shurtliff, J. M. Byar, A. H. Allen, Royal R. Messery, William Richard Waite, Howard L. Eckersley, G. M. Bowen, Donald Huff.

Eleventh row: James V. Chandler, Edgar J. Alder, David S. Fox, Lakmar Neff, Ralph H. Kotter, Louis W. Latimer, J. Monroe Hastings.

Twelfth row: Alma Kane, K. Gunn McKay, Dale L. Maddox, Carl R. Johnson, Sheron Christensen, Blaine Thomson, W. Lynn Pinner, Grant M. Weight.

Thirteenth row: Howard S. Harris, Alfred Myers Watkins, Reuben Lynn Bullock, Laurence L. Murdoch, Melvin H. Hansen, Carl R. Cole, Charles C. Janson, James L. Mortensen.

## Report on Alcohol

THE whiskey devil, astride his whiskey barrel, is so self-satisfied that his slobbering joy drizzles down his bloated, bloodshot jowls. In a full page advertisement, in expensive magazines, a group of his serfs, bowing abjectly before their swelling money bags, the Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., chant the greatness of their king, alcohol.

They tell that the alcoholic beverage industry has become an important element of our national economy; that it benefits many American industries; that in the thirteen years since prohibition, it has paid in taxes more than twenty billion dollars; and that, best of all, it has a commendation from the War Production Board for war services! No wonder the whiskey devil leers and smirks, and nods his approval, "See what a big boy am I!"

This is sheer alcoholic, impudent effrontery. The advertisement is a deceptive document, for it fails to tell that the alcohol beverage industry has prospered because, for love of money, it has stooped to cater to an abnormal, destructive appetite, as shown by the advertisements in any magazine of the beer barons and whiskey kings. It does not explain that the industries of America, their men, machines, and factories, are not dependent for their success upon the alcoholic beverage industry, for they would find other profitable outlets, were there no manufacture of alcohol. It carefully omits to mention that the twenty billions of dollars paid in taxes represent many times more billions actually spent for drink, money that should have been added to our permanent wealth, by improving usefully life in our land; or by reducing our national debt, the burden of which is carried by every citizen; or by restoring happiness to thousands of broken homes ruined by alcohol; nor does the glowing advertisement reveal that the war commendation did not imply that the alcohol beverage industry risked life or money in producing industrial alcohol for the rubber emergency; but that Uncle Sam paid liberally for every drop of alcohol and that though the whiskey output was curtailed, enough was produced, and at a high price, to increase whiskey profits and to cause many a war disaster, and that, after all, the call to service was mandatory.

The alcoholic beverage industry knows, as do the public and every habitual user, that alcohol is a poison destructive of body, mind, and soul, for in this advertisement it hides repeatedly behind the legality of its operation, thus laying the blame upon the consumers, but also admitting that it is dealing in an unwholesome, unsavory commodity.

The fattened sides of the whiskey devil shake in glee, also, because someone has recently discovered that alcoholism, that is drunkenness, is a disease. Anyone may catch the disease, as we do measles or

mumps, but alcohol least of all is to blame. This leaves the way open for every man to drink with a clear conscience. The cocktail becomes enthroned among things noble, pure, and lovely! There never was a clearer imprint of the cloven hoof than in this "discovery."

The advertisement, by its deliberate omissions, condemns itself. It argues only for money. There is no mention of human beings, they who are dragged down by alcohol into unspeakable degradation. Nothing is said of the daily report of the filthy road of alcohol littered with murder, theft, robbery, lust, rape, juvenile delinquency; auto, airplane, and railroad wrecks; forfeited lives and broken homes. It does not remember that the user of alcohol on his way to stupor passes through a period of repellent, beast-like imbecility; or that upon his recovery he must have more alcohol; or that the judgments of the best of men are twisted and bent as iron rods in the fire by this hellish master of evil.

That eminent men use alcohol merely means that they might devise wiser laws and keep their agreements more faithfully, if their senses were not impaired by alcohol. The peace of the world and an increasingly better world will not come by way of whiskey and vodka, or from men in public or private service who will not keep sober. There is no defense for the use of alcohol as a beverage.

A sense of shame and sorrow should accompany all who engage in the alcoholic beverage industry, individuals, organizations, or states. But, the whiskey devil, and his cortege, know neither shame nor pity. They hear only, with straining ears, the clinking of gold.

Latter-day Saints will not be fooled by such atrocious publicity, but will continue to eschew every kind of habit-forming, injurious drugs. They will continue to move toward world leadership because of clean bodies and clear minds. Avoid the first glass of alcoholic beverage, and the future is safe.—J. A. W.

## Editorial Note

ERA readers will note with regret the temporary discontinuance of *Evidences and Reconciliations*, which has long been a popular feature in the magazine. The publication of these pertinent articles will be resumed in July, when the present series by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, *How the Desert Was Tamed*, will be completed.





—Illustrated by Fielding K. Smith

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

By MARY BRENTNALL

SOME TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE  
ABOUT CURRENT PROBLEMS

MANY of the questions asked by young people, indicative of the problems which disturb them, are based upon one large question which has been asked in all generations:

"What can I believe? Whom shall I trust?"

It is a big question—not entirely answerable; not even easily discussed, since humanity is faulty, hence, most agencies through which humanity speaks, are correspondingly faulty. Yet none of us can depend entirely upon himself for his ideas and beliefs. We must all put some trust in the opinions, experience, and thoughts of others. Whom, then, shall we trust? What can we believe?

My grandmother, who was essentially kind and gay, always admonished her grandchildren to trust no one. Some sad experience had persuaded her of the necessity of constant vigilance where others were concerned. But her life was at variance with her counsel. She was one of the numerous pioneer women whose homes were always full of European emigrants—converts to the Church who stayed and were welcomed as long as they needed shelter. Because of this and other great generousities, we always thought her admonition very funny and paid slight attention to it. We all grew up confident of the goodness and honor of mankind—thus

adding further proof that example is more powerful than precept.

And yet—in the sense that we cannot always trust ourselves, she was right. Certain it is that we cannot hope for infallibility, for the wisdom of mortals has definite limitations. Modern scripture goes even further and warns us against the designs of "conspiring men in the last days." So we must perforce contend with conscious as well as unconscious fallibility.

Let us consider the problem of conscious or "conspiring" error first. Is it possible always to recognize dishonesty and craftiness? Perhaps not—particularly if we are young and inexperienced—which at some time or another we all are. As one example—advertising has been responsible in times past for much deception. Business bureaus and the advertising profession itself have worked hard to improve advertisements—to free them from overstatement as well as falsehood. Wise executives have been fighting this long battle because they knew that without improvement, advertising would destroy itself, with all its attendant benefits. Great progress has been made, but in some instances there is still need for correction. Thus, over the centuries, honest men have attempted by law and persuasion to keep dishonesty of all kinds constantly challenged. Yet laws have to be changed continually, as dishonesty and unfairness take on new forms. The battle against error and misinformation is even greater than that against disease and ill health—or perhaps it is all part of the same struggle.

To protect us then from the more easily recognized forms of dishonesty, we have all society working. As further guards against deception, it would seem important that all of us—young and old, concern ourselves with strengthening the implements of government. Honest public

officials, wise laws, good schools are vital safeguards of truth.

But all dishonesty does not stem from the constantly scheming individual. There are many fairly honest men and women who turn crafty on occasion. There is the person who believes that "all's fair in love," or the one that thinks a business transaction must be to his own greater advantage. There is the boy or girl who cheats in examinations, or tells a story so entertainingly that it is a shame to limit him to truth. Or there is the man or woman who, finding that absolute truth sullies his own reputation, shifts a little and thereby casts reflections on another. Eventually, of course, we come to know these people, and to protect ourselves from their particular weaknesses. Or, if these faults happen to be in ourselves, we repent—we hope!

Then—considerable uneasiness is caused by the simple thoughtlessness of our associates. Perhaps your well-trusted friend, Bill, says, "Don't go out with Carol—she's no fun!"

You were beginning to think that Carol was very special, but Bill is such a wise friend that you wonder. Actually there is nothing wrong with Carol. She just isn't Bill's type, but she may be just right for you.

Or there was your friend Beverly who urged, "Do buy that peach dress—it's a honey."

And because Beverly always looks beautiful herself, you bought the peach dress—and wore it just once. It was all wrong for you.

When we listen to thoughtless friends—those who consistently state personal opinions as facts—we must listen with reservations.

Finally, there are those who are neither crafty, selfish, nor thoughtless. Sometimes, they have our interests very deeply at heart and love us beyond all reason or question. And yet they are not always right, because they are mortals—even as

(Continued on page 114)



# HOMING



## WHY, MOTHER?

MANY PARENTS THOUGHTLESSLY CONCEAL THE REASONS BEHIND THEIR TRAINING AND EXPECTATIONS. ISN'T IT BETTER TO HELP CHILDREN UNDERSTAND THE GOOD SENSE AND REASONABLENESS BEHIND YOUR THINKING?

By Helen Gregg Green

SINCE I had an assignment to write, I asked the help of a friend, my typist being out of the city.

Ten-year-old Dianne answered the telephone when I called to give some important changes. "Mother is not at home, but I can take the message!" she told me.

The next morning Dianne's mother received the message. It was exactly as it had been given, although difficult to explain by telephone.

Delighted, I remarked, "I've never left a message for you that wasn't delivered promptly and correctly. How have you established this splendid habit?"

"When our children were seven or eight, I taught them, when taking a message, to ask, 'May I have your name and telephone number?' On a pad kept by the telephone with an attached pencil, (which was never to be 'borrowed,') this information was written. By the time the youngsters were ten or eleven they were able to transfer any message to paper."

I have thought of the difference in this training and that of another friend who has two daughters, both honor students. One parent is a Phi Beta Kappa, the other a college graduate. Yet in all the years I have known this charming family, I can remember few of the many times I called when the message was delivered. I frequently reminded the girls, "This is important. Be sure and tell Mother!" I even bought a clever pad with pencil attached as a reminder.

"Try and keep a pencil around here!" the mother commented when I laughingly asked, "Where's the pencil to my pad?"

Isn't the difference in the children

a matter of training? I asked the mother of Dianne some of her other "training secrets."

Her brown eyes smiled as she told me, "All forward-looking parents are interested in teaching their youngsters the value of money."

I agreed, encouraging her with, "How have you done this?"

"When 'Buzzy' was twelve, he was offered a paper route which he's had for a number of years. It is a short route, but he earns three dollars a week besides his tips. He is that proud!"

"What does he do with his money?" was my next question.

"He buys clothes he particularly likes. (We buy the practical ones.) 'Very sharp' is his description of those purchased by him. These have included such 'very sharp' items as a plaid flannel shirt, a 'trick' cap with sides that can be pulled up or down according to the weather."

"He must have made something besides what the paper pays him," I insisted, thinking of the well-dressed young man.

"Oh, yes, he is constantly being given tips. At Christmas his twenty-five customers gave him nineteen dollars. The reason for this is that each one has a specific place for his newspaper: milk chutes, behind screen doors, 'side' porches, under doorknobs, or mailboxes, and the like. 'Buzzy' takes pride in pleasing every customer, which is good training in making and keeping friends."

"Since 'Buzzy' gets up every morning at six to deliver papers, doesn't this mean an adequate amount of sleep must be had?" I asked, thinking of the rest needed by a growing boy.

"Oh, yes! And that has been a problem. Like most youngsters, he dislikes going to bed. He wanted to stay up after lessons and listen to the radio and read the 'funnies.' Finally, Dad and I told him, 'You must choose between your paper route and extra sleep or less sleep and no paper route.'"

"He realized that he became nervous and irritable and he did not do so well in school when he lost sleep, so he decided, 'I'll take the paper route and get to bed early!'"

"You are wise parents," I admiringly replied.

"It isn't as easy as it sounds," laughed the delightful mother of four.

Of course, it isn't as easy as it sounds! Children will not respond to the efforts of their parents unless conformity to their program seems reasonable to them.

The thoughtful, understanding parent sits down, relaxed, and talks over the whys and wherefores of patterns of conduct with his children. Even adults cling to their old ways of action and thought until they have been pushed into the knowledge that this is no longer feasible.

So—let us explain why it is important to deliver messages.

Why—a newspaper should be carefully refolded after being read

Why—we learn the value of money

Why—we are punctual

Why—we are considerate of others

Why—we really *listen* when we are spoken to

Why—we have a place for things

Why—we hang up our clothes and keep them clean and well brushed

Why—we write thank-you notes almost as soon as we can write

Let us make our answers thoughtfully so they will seem reasonable and be of interest to our children. An example:

"Why are there laws, Mother?"

"Through them we all have protection, Son. They protect our property and life, give freedom of action without endangering life. Security is gained by cooperation."

I could continue indefinitely, but you are no doubt wise in the ways of helping your blue-eyed Talia and stalwart young Rex see the wisdom of your methods of teaching character, emotional maturity, and the "home-grown decencies," as the writer Montagu calls them.

With this fine understanding between you and your children what a splendid camaraderie you're building for today and those golden years of future happiness.



# COOK'S CORNER

Josephine B. Nichols

## MEAT TO FIT THE BUDGET

**L**EAN meats provide body-building proteins, iron, and some of the vitamins needed for good health. Even richer in iron and vitamins than the muscle meats are liver and other meat organs.

The cheaper grades and cuts of meat, though fairly lean and not so tender, if prepared carefully, are just as full of food value and every bit as tasty as the higher priced steaks and roasts. The chief difference is that they take more time in the cooking and more skill in the seasoning. Appetizing and nourishing meat dishes can be prepared to suit any family budget.

To make the most of the meat you buy:

1. Know meat grades
2. Store properly
3. Cook correctly
4. Learn food values
5. Use left-overs
6. Save drippings

## THRIFTY MEAT RECIPES

### Favorite Spaghetti

- 1 tablespoon salt
- 3 quarts boiling water
- 4 ounces long spaghetti
- 2 tablespoons cooking oil or bacon drippings
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, sliced, if desired
- ½ pound ground beef
- 2½ cups cooked tomatoes (1 No. 2 can)
- 1 cup tomato sauce (1 8-ounce can)
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ cup mushrooms, if desired
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Add 1 tablespoon salt to actively boiling water. Gradually add spaghetti and boil until tender (about 12 minutes). Drain. While spaghetti is cooking, heat oil in skillet. Add parsley, onion, and garlic and brown lightly. Add beef, and cook until browned. Add tomatoes, tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce, and mushrooms. Cover and cook slowly until thick (about 45 minutes). Arrange spaghetti on hot platter and pour sauce over. Sprinkle lightly with grated Parmesan cheese. This makes 4 servings.

### Braised Stuffed Shoulder of Veal

- 4 to 6 pound shoulder of veal
- ¼ pound suet or mild salt pork
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 4 cups soft bread crumbs
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- salt and pepper to taste

(Concluded on page 100)

## THE GREAT GIFT BOOK OF THE YEAR

### Nauvoo

the Beautiful

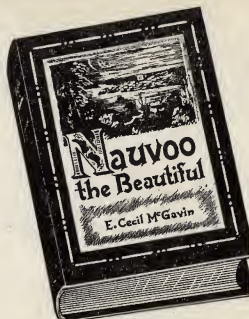
by E. Cecil McGavin

A true, thrilling historical narrative of the origin and growth of Nauvoo, with its 20,000 people at the time of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. The grim epic story of the mobbing and expulsion of these loyal American citizens; the destruction of their homes; the burning of their temple; their heroic trek across plains and mountains; their unflinching fortitude and glorious achievements.

Written by a master storyteller. A wealth of new material heretofore unpublished. 355 pages, 32 pages of photographs and pictures.

ORDER NOW Price \$3.00

Postpaid



### THREE MORMON CLASSICS

Thrilling stories of Wilford Woodruff

George Q. Cannon, Jacob Hamblin

Price \$2.50

Postpaid



These Fine Books are also For Sale at all leading book dealers.

Order your copy TODAY

### HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH

By His Mother

LUCY MACK SMITH

Price \$2.50

Postpaid

### LIFE OF HEBER C. KIMBALL

by Orson F. Whitney

Large Gift Edition, 520 pages

Price \$3.00

Postpaid

### WITNESSES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

Compiled by Preston Nibley

Contains a wealth of documentary evidence and historical information which is invaluable to every Book of Mormon student. Printed in large easy-to-read type.

Price \$2.25

Postpaid

\*\*\*\*\*FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON\*\*\*\*\*

STEVENS & WALLIS, INC.

38 Richards St., Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Please send the books checked below:

- |                                                              |        |                                                             |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------|-------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nauvoo the Beautiful                | \$3.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Three Mormon Classics              | \$2.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Witnesses of the Book of Mormon | \$2.25 | <input type="checkbox"/> Life of Joseph Smith By His Mother | \$2.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Life of Heber C. Kimball            | \$3.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Payment enclosed.                  |        |
|                                                              |        | <input type="checkbox"/> Send C.O.D.                        |        |

Name

Address

## STEVENS & WALLIS, INC.

PUBLISHERS OF FINE BOOKS



36 RICHARDS STREET  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

## You Can't ALWAYS Plan The FUTURE by the PAST!

Just because you haven't had a fire is no reason why you won't. Don't judge the future by the past.

Fire is a constant men-

ace and may visit you any day.

Insure your property today and be protected against loss.

Better get your policy while you can.

## UTAH HOME FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Heber J. Grant & Co. GENERAL AGENTS

Salt Lake City Utah

# You Need Not Wait

until the beginning of the  
school year

## Enroll for the Spring Quarter

which opens March 24



Courses available for  
beginning students



## Brigham Young University

Provo, Utah

## IN USE for OVER FIFTY YEARS

Aids in treatment of Canker, simple  
sore throat and other minor mouth  
and throat irritations.

## HALL'S REMEDY

Salt Lake City, Utah

For Centennial Features Read the

## IMPROVEMENT ERA

12 Issues

\$2.00

## COOK'S CORNER

(Concluded from page 99)

Remove the bones from the shoulder.  
Save the bones for broth.

For stuffing, cut the suet or salt pork into  
small pieces and fry crisp. Add the onion  
and cook for a few minutes, stir in the  
bread crumbs and seasonings. Mix well  
and continue cooking until hot.

Sprinkle the inside of the meat with salt  
and pepper and stuff. Roll the stuffed  
shoulder and fasten.

Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and flour.  
Place the roll on a rack in a roasting pan,  
and put several pieces of suet or salt pork  
on top. Cover the pan, cook in a moderate-  
ly hot oven (375° F.) until the meat is  
brown and tender about two and one-  
half hours. Make gravy with the pan  
drippings.

with flour and seasoning, dot with butter  
and pour milk over all. Bake one hour in  
oven (300° F.) or until potatoes are ten-  
der.

### Beef Steak and Kidney Pie

- 1 pound beef chuck or round steak
- 1 veal kidney
- 1 tablespoon fat
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 large onion
- 1/2 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

Soak kidney in cold salted water for  
thirty minutes. Cut steak in one-inch cubes.



An appealing arrangement  
of the spaghetti will invite  
good eating.

### Scalloped Ham and Potatoes

- 1 cup cubed left-over ham
- 4 medium potatoes
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 tablespoon butter or oleomargarine
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 3/4 cup each of evaporated milk and water

Peel and slice potatoes. Arrange in layers  
in baking dish with cubed ham. Sprinkle

Drain kidney and cut into even, smaller  
cubes. Let sliced onion brown slowly in  
fat, then add meat, and brown well on all  
sides. Add salt, pepper, sauce, and one-  
half cup boiling water. Simmer slowly for  
two hours or until very tender. Mix the flour  
with one-fourth cup cold water and stir into  
the meat to thicken it. Transfer to baking  
dish or individual casseroles, cover top with  
thin pastry with hole in center for escape  
of steam. Bake thirty minutes in oven at  
375° F. This makes four servings.

## Are You a "SECOND"?

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

A FRIEND of mine showed me through  
the factory in which he worked.

In one great room were conveyor  
belts over which seemingly endless  
streams of goods flowed. There were  
people watching those streams, and ev-  
ery now and then someone would  
snatch an article from the conveyor as

it went by and throw it into a near-by  
truck.

"They are picking out the 'seconds,' " my friend told me, "the imperfect ones, those with flaws, those that have be-  
come soiled. We can't put our best  
label on those. They'll be inspected  
again and perhaps fixed up a little, then  
sold under an inferior label."

At that moment a rather whimsical  
idea occurred to me, and I said, "Jim!  
If God ever inspected us like that, I  
wonder how many of us would be 'sec-  
onds' and prove unfit for his best label?"

And Jim looked serious and said, "I  
never thought of it that way. I won-  
der!"

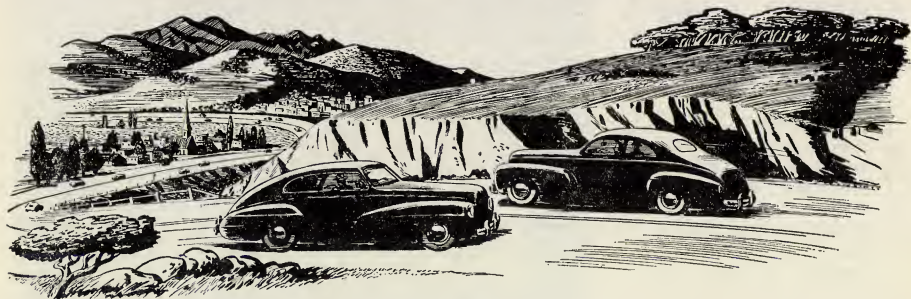


# Now an improved

# CHEVRON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## SUPREME GASOLINE



In line with Standard's policy of offering you the finest possible gasoline, we bring you Chevron Supreme with greatly improved anti-knock performance.

Government limitations on the amount of lead used in gasoline have been removed. Now higher-octane Chevron Supreme is ready for your car. Chevron Supreme brings you faster starting, quicker warm-up, smoother acceleration—and now a higher anti-knock rating. **Try it today!**

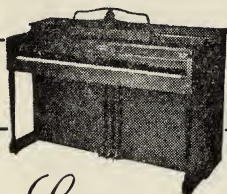
*It's good going on Chevron Supreme*



STOP AT THESE SIGNS FOR  
STANDARD OF CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS



**1. NAME  
.. QUALITY  
.. PRICE**



*Lester*

## BETSY ROSS SPINET

There's no place like home... when you own one of the new Betsy Ross Spinets... the focal point in every home. Built by Lester... backed by a 58 year record of fine piano building. See the Betsy Ross Spinet... better than which there is none!

## DAYNES MUSIC CO.

*A Complete Music Store*  
45-47 So. Main St., Salt Lake City 1  
Convenient Terms Arranged

## A Time of Want

(Concluded from page 84)

as you may wish to; but, in the usual mode of storing it, you have got to stir it, move it, remove it, and turn it over, or it will spoil. . . .

"Let us go to work and cultivate the earth, and go into the fields, and bless the land, and dedicate and consecrate it to God; and then dedicate the seed, the implements, and the horses. . . . Do you suppose that that will have any effect? I know that it will.

"And the day will come when people will gather here by hundreds and by thousands—yea, fifty thousand in a year; and very many will come trudging with their bundles under their arms. I have heard Brother Joseph, Brother Brigham, and several other men say

that it will be so, and I know it will. . . . It will surely come to pass."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup>ibid. V:20

## REQUEST FOR STRAWBERRY JAM

*By Elaine V. Emans*

HE wrote to us for homemade jam: not peach,  
Nor grape nor plum, but *strawberry*, he said!  
And, taking from my little store the red Rich spheres within their glass, I knew that each  
Time he should taste it from a mess kit spoon He would be tasting more within his mind: The way the runners crept, and how the wind  
Back home can carry such a freight of June—  
Bobwhite awailing, and the blend of all Roses across the countryside, and humming In clover patches. He will eat and think It is a little substitute for coming—  
*But why had I no formula to give*  
*The one who eats it guarantee to live!*



### CORVALLIS BRANCH GOLD AND GREEN BALL

The Corvallis Branch M. I. A. sponsored a district Gold and Green ball in the Benton Hotel, Corvallis, Oregon. Each branch within the district was asked to have a queen candidate for the evening. Mrs. Myrtle Shurtz, from the Lebanon Branch, was crowned the official queen for the evening. The selection was made by having each girl choose a rose from a bouquet. To each rose was tied a small scroll and on one scroll was written the word "queen." The crowning ceremony was conducted by Brother Hugh F. Webb, president of the Corvallis Branch.

During the intermission four couples presented the Varsouvienne and tango. This is the first Gold and Green ball held for several years as the M.I.A. was not reactivated until last September.



### OLYMPIA WARD, SEATTLE STAKE

Olympia Ward, Seattle Stake, enjoys its choir of nearly fifty members. John R. Christopher conducts with Weston H. Harris, organist.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



*Here...with added notes of explanation concerning  
the feeding of livestock...is republished*

# Safeway's Pledge to Farmers

Increasingly these days, farmers are faced with problems of "normal," prewar marketing. It therefore seems to Safeway that this is a proper time to republish the basic policies we hold to in farm marketing. First stated in 1938 by Lingan A. Warren, President of Safeway, these basic Safeway policies are in operation today and they will be continued:

## "Loss Leaders"

Safeway is opposed to the use of fruits, vegetables, dairy products, meat and other agricultural products as "loss leaders"—the practice of selling farm items below cost to lure customers.

## Financing Farm Production

Safeway does not subsidize farmers—the practice of financing certain farm production and using this to force prices down.

## Operating Farms

Safeway does not own or operate any farms or compete with farmers in the production of agricultural products.

(In 1943, maldistribution of meat supplies under federal regulations greatly reduced the amount of beef we were able to offer Safeway store customers. *We could buy only a small percentage of our normal supply.* This situation forced Safeway to establish slaughter plants, to undertake some feeding of cattle, and to contract for feeding by established feeders. As a result, Safeway now owns approximately 50,000 cattle—but does not own a single ranch or farm. As and when producers can again supply us with a sufficient number of fed cattle, Safeway will discontinue the feeding of cattle... excepting only the small number carried to equalize the day-to-day supply for slaughter plant operations.)

## Prices Paid to Producers

Safeway pays the farmer as much or more for his product as he can obtain elsewhere and is proud of that fact.

## Regular Purchases

Safeway purchases are made regularly, thereby assisting in stabilizing the produce market. (Safeway buys only for sale through its own stores.)

## Grading

Safeway endorses the program of proper grading and proper labeling of produce.

## Discussions With Producers

Safeway welcomes discussions with all agricultural groups and individual farmers for better understanding between farmer and distributor.

## **SAFEWAY**

**the neighborhood grocery stores**

# Lady Cow Clothes

By EUGENE OLSEN

"LOOK, Monte," said Alice, "here is a letter from Risor, Norway. Isn't that where you were on a mission?"

"I worked there about two months, but I never wrote to anyone there," Monte took the letter his wife was holding and read the address: Herr Monte Lundblade, Idaho Falls, Idaho, U.S.A.

"Well, hurry and open it—"

Monte slowly turned the letter over and looked at the back and teased his wife by reading aloud the address again, "Herr Monte Lundblade."

THE letter was written on cheap, rough paper. Monte translated: "Dear Brother Lundblade: I write to thank you for the lady cow clothes and the bell bottom suit that came to us in the welfare package." Monte paused and looked sheepishly at his wife. "It's about those old clothes we gave to the European Saints. How did they ever find out that we sent them? Alice, you put our names in those," he accused.

"Honest, I didn't, Monte. I was ashamed because we couldn't give some more useful things. I never did like that leather cowgirl jacket, and your sport suit was so extreme," that you didn't dare wear it in public."

Monte read again: "I was on the Mutual program, to play and sing, but I am short and fat and my pants have been through the German occupation. My wife's clothes are threadbare, too. I tell the president that if I get no package, I must be excused because even the patches are worn out. He says something about the people must be cheered up, and he will see what he can do. Then Sister Jensen came and say that she have a suit with my name on it. Sure enough in the pocket lining is my name, 'Karl Lindstol, tailor.'"

"Alice, that is the very man who made that suit for me. I wanted a real suit made up so I could go to college. The suits were made of good cloth over there and cheaper. Let's see what happened at the program—"

"I remember when I was tailor, a tall, fine looking missionary who wants a bell bottom suit (and pleated and pegtopped). I even find your home address in my book."

"So that was the way he got your address," interrupted Alice.

"Well, it is time for the program, and I have no time to work on the suit. It is much too big so I roll up the legs and the sleeves, but my, is it warm?"

"Mrs. Lindstol is much pleased at the jacket. She switches every which way to make the fringe show and is laughing at me because my suit fits only in spots. And now comes my part on the program. I sit me up to the piano and play and sing. You should see the laughs. I think it is the clothes which are so big. They make me play again, and on the finale the right sleeve slips down over my hand, and I close with a bong, bong."

"They tell me the program is the best ever, and the tears in their eyes are from laughing at me. All shake my hand and say I am a show all by myself. They wonder where I got the 'make up' to wear. I don't tell all I know, but you bet the next time they see the suit it will be altered so they will not know it. My wife, too, is what you call a 'sensation.' No other lady has a lady cow suit—that is what the English speaking boy calls it—cowgirl suit. All the ladies are wanting to make of the same pattern, and overnight my wife and I have become real people because of our suits. I want to thank you from the heart. We are happier than since the war."

It was signed "Karl Lindstol."

"DOESN'T the Savior say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these your brethren, ye have done it unto me?'" Alice was thoughtful.

"Something like that," said Monte, "but I feel like a two-cent piece. We gave but we didn't want or couldn't even use. We are just 'cheap skates.' If there comes another chance to give, I am going to give something that I value, something I would be proud to wear myself."

"But, Monte, we did give something. There may be some who didn't even give their castoff clothes."

"It's 'not what you give but what you share' that counts. Say, Alice, there is some more on the back of this letter. It says: 'P.S. The suit is not altered yet for a week. My wife and I are invited to three parties and I am to be sure and bring the big suit. They love it. I am even enjoying it myself. It is a hard time we have here and so little to cheer us up. If I can make it lighter for some, I am satisfied. Oh, and I must not forget that many have just remembered that I am a good tailor. This has helped my earnings very much. The Lord bless you for the kindness of your heart. K. L.'"

"See there," said Alice, "no other suit would have done so much for those good people as the lady cow clothes and the bell bottom suit."

# Sand is Drifting ON US

By Sgt. Arthur Wallace

WITH zeal and vigor the apostles and seventies of the early Church carried the message of the resurrected Christ and his teachings into many cities and many lands. The powers of God were so manifest in them that thriving churches were established in spite of prejudices and persecutions. They were like beautiful gardens being established in reclaimed sections of the desert.

Like the oases of the desert with sand storms constantly threatening to cover and to choke all vegetation were the newly established branches of the Church. They were being subjected to influences that constantly threatened destruction. Pagans were often converted and brought into the fold who did not change their beliefs but merely added Christianity to their current ideas fundamentally changing most of the doctrines. Some other storms to which the Church was exposed were state interference, popular disapproval, personal greed, politics within the Church, and schisms within the Church.

In his day Paul said to the Galatians:

I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel. (Gal. 1:6.)

To the Thessalonians in speaking of the second coming of Christ he said:

... for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, ... (II Thess. 2:3.)

The sands blew; the authority of the gospel disappeared from the earth; the Church became as sand dunes in a desert again—the falling away came.

The gospel has again been restored to the earth. Sands that are blowing in these days are hatred, prejudice, racial intolerance, unchastity, ignorance, greed, intemperance. The threat of apostasy is ever with us as it was nineteen centuries ago. The Lord has said in this day:

Now, I, the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are growing up in wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness. (D. & C. 68:31.)

Remember, the storms still blow. Sand is always drifting.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



## Care of FARM MACHINERY

**T**HE hardest wear taken by farm machinery is not during the period of peak production, but during the storage periods. Many valuable production units are lost beyond repair through carelessness in storing.

A machine company gives these suggestions to help prevent this needless waste:

All implements and machines, even if laid up for only a few days, should be thoroughly lubricated immediately after being used. This affords protection to bearings, and other critical points.

Implements and machines that are to be laid up until the next season should have special attention. Especially bearings, wood, rubber, and canvas parts. The first step in preparing machinery for seasonal storage should be a thorough cleaning, removing all dirt and refuse from cracks and other places that may accumulate moisture resulting in rust. After cleaning, paint over all spots where the metal is exposed. Following this, give the unit a thorough lubrication, and apply a good rust preventive to shares, moldboards, sickle sections, and guards. Then store in a clean, dry place.

An air-tired machine should never be stored with the weight of the unit on the tires. Always jack the machine up taking the weight off the tires, preferably taking the tires off and storing them in a cool, dry place, making sure that the tires are free from grease and oil. (Many tire companies recommend washing them with gasoline.) Inflate the tires to normal pressure and paint them with a rubber preservative before storing.

Canvas parts should be removed and brushed as clean as possible, then rolled up and stored in a clean, dry place. To avoid damage by rats and mice, suspend these parts from rafters by wires. The canvas should be covered with building paper to prevent damage by birds.

While preparing machinery for storage, make a careful inspection for damaged or worn parts. Order the needed replacements immediately, and if possible make repairs as soon as the parts arrive.

Machine suffering from lack of proper storage



## More of Everything Everywhere You Look



### ... UNDER THE HOOD

Economical valve-in-head engine, of exclusive Case design, that pulls as strong at half-speed as wide open. Replaceable cylinder sleeves. Positive pressure, all-weather lubrication. Oil-bath air cleaner and complete sealing to keep destructive dirt out. Sure-fire ignition.

### ... BACK HERE

Touch-controlled power lift for rear and front-mounted implements. Toe-touch turning brakes. Full-swinging drawbar—self-locking, rigid when backing. Deep-cushioned seat that pushes up, forming a safety back-rest when you stand. Centrally located, full-shielded power take-off.



MODEL  
"VAC"



### ... UP IN FRONT

Front-mounted, high-clearance cultivator, easy to see; goes where you steer, WHEN you steer. Quick-dodge steering for easier, faster, cleaner cultivation. Clearance for big crops under engine and axle, also beside front wheels. Single front wheel or extensible axle available.

● When you have a Case tractor you have four forward gears to give you the best combination of speed and pull for every field job and for swift, safe hauling. When you do feed grinding or other belt work its right-side pulley is quick to line up and easy to belt. And you get Case ENDURANCE—the ability to work long days with little chance for delay, long years with low upkeep.

In the popular-priced Model "VAC" you get full 2-row power—plenty for two plow bottoms under ordinary conditions, one where plowing is tough. Production of the "VAC" is in full swing, but thousands of farmers want them. See your Case dealer now; ask about his arrangements for low-cost financing of time sales with local banks. J. I. Case Co., Racine, Wis.

# CASE



SERVING FARMERS  
SINCE 1842

ANALYSIS of the confidential annual reports as they have come to the general priesthood committee's office, prompts the following presentation:

#### PRIESTHOOD QUORUM PRESIDENCIES:

According to section 107 of the Doctrine and Covenants, it is the duty of a quorum presidency in relation to its members, to:

- Preside over them
- To sit in council with them
- To teach them according to the covenants

Each president of a quorum should realize the effectiveness of "example" in teaching or rendering counsel, yet there are some who are neglectful in the payment of tithes. There are a few who do not observe, as they should, the Sabbath day, and the Word of Wisdom. There are brethren who seem not to sense fully the importance, to them and their families, of regular family prayers. Some are neglectful of their ward sacrament meetings. Undoubtedly, there is not one of us who, under sufficiently close scrutiny, would not find that some improvement could be made, to our own interests, and to the interests of those we serve.

It is certain that the quorums will not exceed in caliber, the caliber of their presidencies. "As with the priests, so with the people." The influence of each member of every quorum presidency, in all things, should be for good, and each should see to it that he is "about his Father's business."

Whereas it is recommended that weekly council meetings be held, many appear unmindful of the importance of council meetings, and as a result the quorum program is not as effectively carried forward as it could be.

#### QUORUM FINANCES:

Quorum funds are trust funds. Extreme care should be taken in the handling of them, and a proper accounting made. They should be spent only upon authorization of the quorum, and for the purposes for which they were contributed. Should circumstances ever warrant diversion of funds to other purposes, it should only be upon specific quorum authorization.

#### MEMBERS LIVING AWAY FROM HOME:

There are yet living away from home, many brethren enrolled with the quorum.

Some quorums consistently keep in close touch with their absent brethren by letter and quorum periodicals. There are quorums, however, that appear unmindful of their responsibilities to those of their number who are away. We urge that each presidency make provision in its routine to permit brethren away to be kept constantly in touch with the quorum and its activity.

#### PERSONAL INTERVIEWS:

Many quorum presidencies have completed their personal visits and interviews, whereas some have not. A few may not have understood the full purpose of the interview: "These interviews are not intended as inquisitions, neither mere questionnaires reduced to fact-finding basis, or to 'put brethren on the spot,' but should represent an effort by the presidency to determine the needs of their brethren," and enable the presidencies to administer accordingly to the need that exists. Any brother may be held or reclaimed, if sufficient kindly personal attention is paid to his needs. Do not permit neglect or poor planning on the part of those whose duty it is to lead the quorums, to be a contributing factor to any brother's delinquency. Neither wait until the end of this present year to commence your visits incident to your next report, or to take up your labors among the membership of the quorum. Quorum presidencies should be determined that those who in the past may have been dilatory, will not long so remain. Again let us stress the importance of keeping in close contact with the entire quorum personnel, meeting each problem as it arises, and in proper season.

#### CHURCH STANDARDS AND CHURCH DUTIES:

##### *Tithing*

The quorum presidency having properly observed the Lord's law of tithe is in a strong position to teach this law to the members of the quorum. In doing so, they not only should declare the goodness of the Lord to them, and the blessings derived through obedience to the law, but also should acquaint themselves so far as possible with the deep significance of the principle; its importance to the Church for the building up of the kingdom of God; its relationship to the Holy Priesthood, as a "standing law unto the priesthood forever," and what a "tithing" actually is.

Those members paying only "part" tithing should be brought to realize that "part" is not a tithe—that tithing is a tenth. All members should be taught that tithing is not purely a dollars-and-cents proposition necessary for the furtherance of the work, but a principle of the gospel, with promise, obedience to which is part of the preparation for the blessings of eternal life. If there are any in the quorums who are not converted to the principle, it is an evidence they are weak in the faith, and should be labored with and become converted to the principle as part of the gospel's restoration.

##### *Word of Wisdom*

Presidents of quorums in addition to observing the Word of Wisdom, should appeal to their members to observe it and should teach them what "observing" it means. Success in this appeal will depend largely upon the approach and presentation. Each brother in violation of the Word of Wisdom, knows he is in error but is in need of a little extra incentive and help, to muster sufficient strength and will power to assure his conformity. Observance will not be achieved through embarrassing or criticizing the offender, but through kind, patient, understanding labor. The staggering and ever-increasing amounts expended for liquor and tobacco in our communities should alone be sufficient to convince us that this is a serious and real problem which we are confronted with, whether we take due cognizance of it or not. Tobacco and liquor interests are continually seeking, and acquiring, new adherents to their soul-destroying traffic. Their gains are always at sacrifice and cost to worthy moral principle. There is nothing in their traffic, its distribution, or its use, that is conducive to human betterment, yet many are deceived and drawn to it, and those persisting in their use of these things, are sure to reap "the whirlwind." It is true that it is "in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days" that the Lord has "warned and forewarned" us by "giving this word of wisdom by revelation." All these, and other related matters, should be kept constantly before the membership of the quorums. Care, of course, and wisdom must be exercised in effecting corrections where needed, lest we defeat our own purposes, but this is a real challenge, and the quorums should take it up, and triumph!



# PRIESTHOOD

## NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by  
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; CHARLES A. CALLIS, HAROLD B. LEE, SPENCER W. KIMBALL, EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. McKAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS

### Family Prayer

The Lord has commanded that we "pray always lest we enter into temptation." As evil increases its influence with men, their disposition to pray diminishes. Might not a portion of the weaknesses manifest in our midst be attributable therefore, to the failure on the part of some to hold regularly, their family prayers? It is quite inconceivable that any brother called to an office in the Holy Priesthood, could get along without faithful attendance to this sacred opportunity and obligation. It is not pleasing to the Lord when we neglect our prayers. We are not on the safe side unless we teach our children the value and importance of prayer in their lives. All members of the Church require the strength, the peace, the comfort, the direction, and knowledge that prayer will vouchsafe to us, and none can hazard that which neglect of prayer invites. Presidents of quorums should keep this matter constantly before their brethren, and should themselves attend to this sacred privilege.

### Sacrament Meeting and Sabbath Day Observance

And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day; For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High. (D. & C. 59:9, 10.)

Any member of the priesthood whose circumstances will permit his attending sacrament meeting, is not wise who fails to do so. Many people unnecessarily become weak in the faith through their disregard of the Lord's word and will. Since "faith comes through hearing the word of God," none can afford to absent himself from the place in which the "word" is presented. Each needs to obtain a forgiveness of sins through faith and repentance. Partaking of the sacrament helps renew faith, mellow the soul, and inspire repentance. Every member of the Church is strengthened through a renewal of his covenants with the Lord, and every member is in need of the companionship of the Holy Spirit which is promised through obedience. Many of the evils in our midst would disappear if all chose consistently to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it

holy," and to do on the Lord's day only that which is consistent and compatible with the true spirit of worship.

Surely there is much for all to do; there are yet battles to be fought and won. The priesthood of the Church will accomplish its work, and the day of triumph will be hastened through diligent adherence to duty and all truth. Presidents of quorums must indeed "preside," "sit in council with," and "teach" their brethren "according to the covenants."

It is to be hoped that some future reports will be a little more prompt in reaching us, and reflect improvement in all phases vital to the general welfare.

## Questions and Answers

**Question 57:** How long after a brother's removal from his quorum district, should his name be carried on the roll of the quorum?

**Answer 57:** When it is ascertained that a brother's ward membership records have been transferred from a ward within the quorum district, it would then be proper to drop his name from the quorum record, but not until. It has been a long established policy that a man's priesthood record follows his membership record. In other words, his name should be carried on the roll of the quorum, the district of which would include the ward area in which his membership record is carried.

**Question 58:** What is the procedure if a brother enrolled with a priesthood quorum, were to move beyond the district covered by the quorum, into a mission where there was no quorum organization?

**Answer 58:** Since his Church membership record is transferred to an area beyond the quorum jurisdiction, and since the priesthood record would automatically follow, it would be in order to drop the name from the quorum record when it is ascertained that the membership record has been transferred.

**Question 59:** When a brother's recommendation is read in the ward and he is received into fellowship in that ward, whose responsibility is it to see that there is proper priesthood affiliation?

**Answer 59:** This is a joint, individual and quorum presidency, responsibility. It goes without saying that any priesthood bearer should seek proper quorum affiliation. It sometimes occurs, however, that brethren moving into new localities, delay unduly, the resumption of their church activity. Some are inclined to "rest a while." Since such tendencies are dangerous and in many instances damaging, it becomes the duty of

(Concluded on page 120)

### Drink and More Drink

ACCORDING to the record, the people of America consumed more alcoholic beverages in 1946 than in any previous year of their history. And one of the sad things in connection with this drinking is the report that more women are drinking and consuming more liquor than ever before. Many thousands of women have become alcoholics—people who have lost control of themselves and have become confirmed drunkards. We are told there are more than 600,000 alcoholics in America, and the number is growing.

As could be expected, the evils resulting from drinking are also increasing—broken homes, divorces, juvenile delinquencies, sex crimes, motorcar accidents—to name only a few of them. As an offset, there is also a growing sentiment in many parts of the country for local option and prohibition. There are three states where prohibition is still statewide—Kansas, Mississippi, and Oklahoma. (A keen sorrow of President Grant's was that Utah did not retain prohibition in 1933 as did these three states.) A majority of the counties in Kentucky and most of the other southern states have local option as do many counties elsewhere in the country. Temperance forces are at work in most of the states. Does not the faith of the Latter-day Saints require them to stand for total abstinence? With drinking on the increase, are our people not challenged to be more and more active in opposition to alcoholic beverages in all their variety? We think so! In the light of the fact that "Mormons" constitute about seventy percent of the population of Utah and that during the fiscal year 1946, there was paid in Utah about two hundred eighty percent more for alcoholic beverages than in the fiscal year 1941, our people have real cause to be greatly concerned. Let us awake to the dangers we face and do something more than we have done about drink.

### Alcoholics Anonymous

In many places there is effective help for every alcoholic who sincerely wants it and who will really cooperate with the helpers. These are organized into groups known as Alcoholics Anonymous, three of which exist in Salt Lake City. Any alcoholic who wants to recover from his affliction and realizes he must have the help of "a higher power" may join a group without any cost and develop into a total abstainer. In such

(Concluded on page 120)



# AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

## WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

MARCH 1947

NOTE: *This course of study is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric for presentation during the monthly meeting of the ward youth leadership to be conducted by the bishopric in each ward. Members of the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee and of the ward committee for Latter-day Saint girls are expected to attend this meeting.*

**OUR PROBLEM:** How can we make attendance at sacrament meeting more attractive to boys and girls? (Continued from last month—please review.)

Last month we discussed the purposes of the sacrament meeting and how they could be realized, also the importance of teaching our young people by precept and by example the fundamental purposes of partaking of the sacrament.

Now, we continue our discussion with one aim in view, namely, how to help boys and girls feel that the sacrament meeting is their meeting, that they have a contribution to make to it, and a responsibility for its character and quality. In approaching this theme, we are working on the assumption that people love the things to which they give of themselves. What responsibilities can be given to youth for the sacrament service? (Some of these suggestions are already in operation; others may be new.)

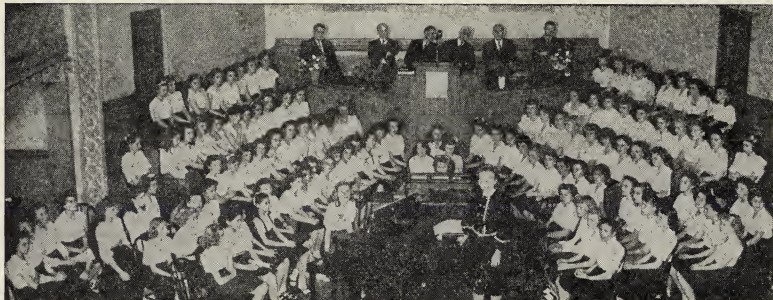
1. *Let youth help plan sacrament meetings occasionally.* Why should boys and girls be particularly interested in something arranged by and for adults? Why shouldn't the bishop call a committee of late-teen-aged youth—it might be his priests' quorum or representatives of Sunday School or Mutual Improvement Association groups—and ask them to help plan a sacrament meeting? This doesn't mean that they would conduct or necessarily participate in the meeting, but be given an opportunity to express their likes and dislikes. The bishop could always check ideas foreign to the spirit and purposes of the occasion. The very responsibility of planning a service will provide the bishop a wonderful opportunity to help boys and girls think through the purposes of a sacrament meeting and begin to sense their own responsibility for it.
2. *Let each Aaronic Priesthood quorum, under the direction of the bishopric, discuss the sacrament—its purposes and things to remember in its preparation and administration.* Boys should do more than just fit into an established system. Each boy and each quorum should be led to sense a responsibility for and a sharing in the sacrament service. Only then will they themselves feel the greatest reverence and spirituality for this sacred ordinance.
3. *Talks by boys or girls in sacrament meeting have their place.* It would be helpful if someone acquainted with the purposes of the meeting and the art of speaking could help young people in the preparation of their talks. Boys and girls should be encouraged to think on their feet rather than to read their talks and to speak, in their own words, from their hearts and from their own

experiences with principles of the gospel.

4. *Music*—Choruses of Aaronic Priesthood members and of girls of corresponding ages should be given every encouragement and ample opportunity for furnishing music for the sacrament meeting. Young people generally enjoy singing together and especially in mixed groups. The key here is leadership—someone who knows music and is liked and respected by youth.
  5. *Ushering*—Different Aaronic Priesthood quorums could well alternate in ushering and otherwise assisting the bishop and custodian to prepare the building for worship.
  6. *Beautification*—Girls' groups could be called in and asked for ideas to beautify the chapel. They might bring flowers, keep the sacrament table linens clean, polish the furniture, or make something with their hands which could be used in the chapel. There are often artistic, secretarial, or mechanical talents in boys and girls which the bishop could use to advantage in the meetinghouse. It would then become their own in a very real sense.
- Why not ask young people for their ideas for beautifying the chapel grounds or decorating the meetinghouse? Let them have a voice in such matters. By definition, an adolescent is one who is trying to act grown-up. Why not let him assume grown-up tasks in the Church?
7. *Capitalize on the esprit de corps* (the spirit of a group)—If the adviser or youth leader will occasionally suggest that they go to sacrament meeting in a body, and he or she goes with them, perhaps even calls for some of them, that will give added impetus.

(Concluded on page 111)

NORTH  
CARBON  
STAKE  
GIRLS'  
CHORUS



*This chorus of one hundred twelve Latter-day Saint girls furnished the music for the recent quarterly conference of the North Carbon Stake. The chorus was conducted by Thelma Anderson, with Dorothy Niles and Thelma Johnson as piano and organ accompanists. On the stand are the stake presidency and Elder Albert E. Bowen of the Council of the Twelve.*

*The chorus was promoted by the stake committee for Latter-day Saint girls under the direction of the stake presidency. Officers of the stake committee are Mabel Empey, chairman; Edith Allred, first assistant; Hattie K. Bent, second assistant; Ardes C. McQueen, secretary. Isaac McQueen is in charge of the project for the stake presidency.*





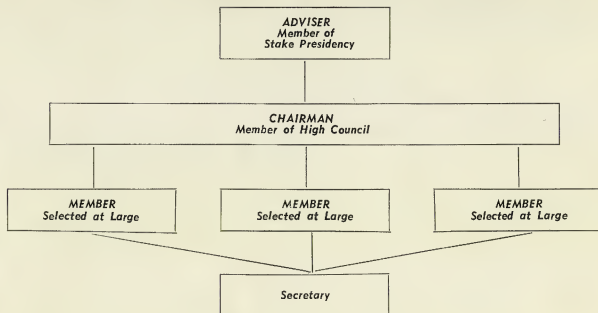
CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY HENRY G. TEMPEST.

## Change in the Stake Committee on Ward Teaching

THE Presiding Bishopric has been authorized to announce a change in the organization of the stake committee on ward teaching. This action is recommended due to recent changes made whereby one member of the stake presidency becomes the chairman of both the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee and the stake committee for adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood. The scope of these programs is of such magnitude that it would be quite impossible for the chairman to carry full responsibility in addition to his duties in the presidency; therefore, it is considered necessary to delegate the details of the programs to the executive chairman of each of the respective committees, and they, in turn, will be expected to devote their full time to the promotion of these important priesthood activities.

It is also found that the member of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee, serving on the committee, finds it difficult to devote the required time to both programs; therefore, under the new plan, the stake chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood, the stake chairman for adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood, and one member of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee are no longer automatically included as members of the stake ward teaching committee. Three members, selected at large, may now be chosen to fill these vacancies. The committee now, with

### STAKE COMMITTEE ON WARD TEACHING



the exception of the chairman, will not, of necessity, be composed of members of the high council.

The stake committee on ward teaching, as indicated in the above chart, is composed of the following members: Adviser, (member of the stake presidency); chairman, (member of the high council); three committee members, (selected at large); and the secretary.

One member of the stake presidency should serve as the adviser to the stake committee. He should keep this committee fully organized and functioning at all times. Through this contact, the stake presidency will be fully informed as to the current progress and success of the work, and in turn, the committee will be enlightened as to the desires of the stake presidency.

The chairman of the stake committee on ward teaching should be a member of the high council. He is directly re-

sponsible to the stake presidency for the conduct of the ward teaching program in the stake. It is his duty to supervise all the activities of the stake committee on ward teaching.

The three members of the stake committee, selected at large, should assist the chairman in the promotion of the program, accepting such responsibilities as the chairman may see fit to assign.

The appointment of the secretary of the stake committee on ward teaching completes the organization. It is the duty of the secretary to compile and assemble the reports and mail them to the Presiding Bishop's office each month.

The members of the stake committee should visit the wards, giving encouragement, checking to see that ward committees are organized properly, promoting harmony and cooperation between ward and stake committees, and aiding to stimulate the program where it is needed.

## Duties of Adviser to Stake Committee on Ward Teaching

(MEMBER OF STAKE PRESIDENCY)

IT is suggested that a member of the stake presidency serve as adviser to the stake committee on ward teaching. He should keep this committee fully organized and functioning at all times. It is his responsibility, in counsel with the chairman and committee members, to appoint a regular time and place for

holding the monthly meeting of the stake committee.

### SEND YOURS IN

THE Presiding Bishopric desire to have stake and ward committees on ward teaching send in news items, pictures, testimonies, unusual experiences, and any other useful information on the ward teaching program. Items of value will be published on this page. Such practice will provide ideas that will be stimulating to the work.

He should be in attendance, if possible, at committee meetings, and although he presides, he should not be expected to conduct these meetings. Since ward teaching is one of the most important functions of the priesthood, the stake presidency should be in constant touch with this program. Through the contact of the adviser, they will be fully informed as to the current progress and success of the work, and in turn, the committee will be enlightened as to the desires and policies of the stake presidency. In the end, it is his responsibility to inspire and stimulate those connected with this program and impress upon them the magnitude and importance of their calling.





## Creating Interest In the Classroom

(Concluded from page 87)

certain homes where help was needed. In company with their instructors, they became a house-cleaning squad. Some of my friends who were not in the best of health had their homes cleaned and redecorated. What a lift! What an unexpected and unheralded bit of religion in action. The students and teachers enjoyed the project thoroughly. It gave meaning and significance to principles talked about. Teachers obtained a wonderful insight into what students are thinking and doing. Common understanding and friendship were promoted between teachers and students, as well as the beneficiaries of their services.

I know of another group in rural Utah who went to work to improve the ward chapel. I asked the teacher to summarize the benefits. He said, "The first value is that of the work itself. It was good to improve the chapel—it was for the glory of God, the betterment of the community, and the greater usefulness of the building. It increased the pride and loyalty of the students. They acquired greater skill as mechanics, and they certainly discovered new possibilities in group cooperation. Some were inspired to try similar efforts on their own homes and yards."

It is hopeless and useless to fight the restless current of youthful energy. It can be guided into useful accomplishment. Lessons may become a part of the students' thought and life. Religion can be thought about and understood and put to work in practical forms. Intelligent and devoted teachers may become partners in the process.

## Aaronic Priesthood— Outline of Study

(Concluded from page 108)

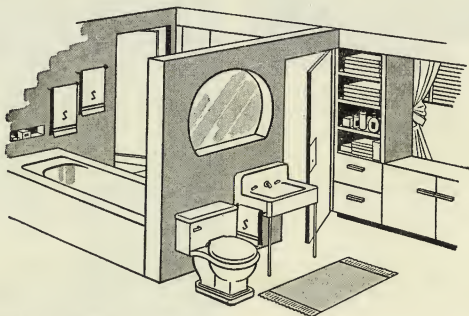
### Questions:

1. Illustrate wherein people are interested in the things to which they have given of themselves—to which they contribute.

2. On the blackboard list: (a) Contributions which boys and girls now make to the sacrament meeting and (b) other opportunities. Try one or two of the latter.

3. Wherein can the Aaronic Priesthood adviser or the Latter-day Saint girl leader help personally to bring young folk to church?

## What's New in Bathrooms?



### What is the notable feature of this bathroom?

- ☐ Its radar soap finder
- ☐ Its double use
- ☐ Its over-size brush for washing twins

Because two people can use it at the same time, this bathroom is noteworthy for its double use. Hexol germicide does double duty, too—*fights germs and cleans*. That's



### How can you increase the utility of your bathroom?

- ☐ Add jet-propelled wash cloths
- ☐ Add windshield wiper for mirror
- ☐ Add a dressing table

The addition of a dressing table is a charming way to increase the usefulness of your bathroom. By adding Hexol germicide to cleaning water, bathroom walls, floors, tile and tub will sparkle like magic—smell fresh and clean as a spring morning. Hexol is a modern germicide—powerful, yet easy on the hands because it's non-caustic. Try Hexol, it's so pleasant to use.

why many leading hospitals, physicians and nurses use Hexol. To leave your wash basin gleaming, simply place a few drops of Hexol on a cloth—dissolves dirt film with practically no rubbing. And because it's a quick and effective cleaner and deodorant, Hexol leaves toilet bowls *sanitary*. Just pour a few drops in the bowl, let stand a few minutes, then flush. You'll like its fresh, clean odor!



**GERMICIDE • ANTISEPTIC  
DEODORANT**

On Sale at All Drug Counters



### "Is my Mommy smart!"

'Bout the time I got fed up with *drinking* so much milk, Mommy started making yummy rennet-custards so I could *eat* part of it! They taste different every day."

The rennet enzyme in "Junket" Brand Rennet Tablets makes rennet-custards even easier to digest than ordinary milk. Eating rennet-custards is just the same as drinking milk because they aren't cooked . . . that's why they're so easy to make. Baby loves them, and Daddy too! Why don't *you* try serving rennet-custards for dessert today?

Make rennet-custards with either "Junket" Rennet Tablets—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to taste; or "Junket" Rennet Powder—in six popular flavors, already sweetened. Both at all grocers. Write "Junket" Brand Foods, Division of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 72, Little Falls, N. Y., for free sample of "Junket" Rennet Tablets.

WORTH WAITING FOR!  
**"JUNKET"** Freezing Mix  
 BRAND Quick Fudge Mix  
 FOODS Danish Dessert

"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the U. S. and Canada.



TEA GARDEN also makes SYRUP  
 JELLY • MARMALADE • GRAPE JUICE

# M-MEN GLEANER

## Activity



THE Murray Festival Chorus, composed of M Men and Gleaners of the Murray Second Ward, was organized by Maxine Thomason and directed by Tess Hall Kelly. They sang without thought of compensation. Their reward came in the joy and fun they had in going from place to place singing Christmas carols.

This well-trained group of young folk made their grand debut on the platform between First and Second South on Main where their voices rang out all over the city by way of the huge speakers erected high above the buildings. They were featured at the Sunday School program at the Second Ward and gave atmosphere to the Sunday evening service. After Church they

bundled in coats and scarfs . . . hopped on a truck and went carol singing in the vicinity of the ward, the first time people in this territory had known of such Christmas cheer. Monday found them caroling for the city of Murray and at various children's Christmas programs.

To climax the Christmas carol season on Christmas eve, forty strong, they sang at the Children's Hospital, all the hotels, met the Union Pacific train as it pulled into the station, and at the end of the evening were invited to the governor's mansion to sing for the "royal" family. The success of this chorus assures its being a traditional carol singing group and will be heard and remembered for many Christmases to come.

—Reported by Maxine Thomason.

## Melchizedek Priesthood

(Concluded from page 107)

a priesthood officer, knowing of the new brother's arrival in the quorum district, to see that undue delays are avoided. Some brethren are hesitant to form new connections, and this timidity may be overcome if the quorum presidency is fully alert to its opportunities.

Question 60: When a brother has been properly recommended and ordained to an office in the priesthood, what is the procedure necessary to get his name enrolled with the priesthood quorum?

Answer 60: As soon as it is known by the

quorum that a brother has been ordained to an office in the priesthood, he should be invited to participate with the quorum and a welcome extended. Then after his name has been formally presented and the quorum manifests its willingness to receive him into fellowship, his name should be placed on the quorum record.

Question 61: Is it desirable that all brethren holding the priesthood, residing within a quorum area, be enrolled with the proper quorum having jurisdiction?

Answer 61: Most assuredly yes. In the interests of all concerned, no brother should be in neglect, neither neglected, to the point that would permit his name not being found on a quorum roll.



## Maverick Pine Nuts

(Concluded from page 67)

sters talked of that scout and interpreter, Uncle Kumen, and crippled Bishop Nielson whose faith had quelled warring Navajos, and the Englishman Carlisle and his herd of cattle. We spoke of Old Posey whose warped mind constantly found trouble, and of the selling of Elk Mountain to the white man for three ponies and twenty-five silver dollars.

Later, half-asleep, I heard the pine nuts dropping on the dry pine needles, and I wondered if the stars always shone over Maverick so intensely bright and were always so close. A night owl hooted near the spring. I wondered if the children were warm enough under their heavy tarp—could that tiny red glow across the canyon be the Utes we had seen . . . pine nutting was such . . . fun . . .

## The Spoken Word

(Concluded from page 93)

would be little or no new discovery. Life would be wasted in finding what has already been found. Men of old have left us comparatively little that is tangible, but they have left us much that is profitable: the great treasure of their experience, the great heritage of revealed and discovered truth. Jesus of Nazareth, for example, left us no tangibles. History does not record that he owned any. But he left us a way of life that has within it the answers to the human problems that beset this and every other generation. But, to speak in the vernacular, in many things we seem to insist on "starting from scratch" again and again. And often in bruised belligerency we beat our way through life, extravagantly proving what multitudes of men have proved myriad times before, foolishly fumbling and faltering where others have fumbled and faltered. If we don't actually throw away the maps, at least it would often seem that we choose to ignore them. We look with puzzled pity upon the prodigal son who wantonly wasted inherited property. But deliberately throwing away experience from reliable sources is of the same cloth and color as deliberately throwing away tangibles. And if children were always to disregard all that parents have learned—all that all men have proved about life—it would but mean the needless multiplying of many mistakes.

Copyright 1947

—December 29, 1946.

FEBRUARY 1947

## CAR CONSERVATION HEADQUARTERS



The day of new cars for everybody is still a long way in the future.



So it is necessary to continue giving your car the best possible care.



Pep 88 Ethyl Gasoline



Pep 88 Regular Gasoline



Vico, Quaker State Motor Oils



Atlas Products

That's why the use of good products is necessary.



Make it a habit to drive into Pep 88-Vico stations and dealers for highest quality products and for conscientious car care.



UTAH OIL REFINING COMPANY

Your cleaning  
**PAR-tner!**

The Quality Soap for  
**PAR-ticular Housewives**





Regardless of time or place—you can depend on Greyhound to serve your travel needs. Whether it's 20 miles...200 miles...2000 miles, Greyhound service is ready when you are.

Schedules timed for your convenience, low fares and comfortable buses will give you extra comfort, extra pleasure.

Call your local Overland Greyhound Agent for complete information about frequent schedules to any point in America.

**OVERLAND GREYHOUND LINES**

Operated by INTERSTATE TRANSIT LINES—UNION PACIFIC STAGES, INCORPORATED

**Increase your yield—  
Cut costs each day—  
Use IRON-AGE Planters  
With Band-Way.**



### POTATO AND VEGETABLE PLANTERS AND TRANSPLANTERS

Farmers using BAND-WAY fertilizer placement get a definite increase in yields and positive savings in fertilizer—because of these advantages:

- ONE OPERATION SAVES TIME—BAND-WAY planters, prepare seed bed, place fertilizer, plant and cover in a single operation.
- SCIENTIFIC PLACEMENT—With BAND-WAY, fertilizer is placed scientifically in relation to the seed, with no danger of burning.
- LESS FERTILIZER REQUIRED — BAND-WAY eliminates waste in planting.
- FLEXIBILITY—BAND-WAY is adjustable to all soil conditions . . . used on Iron Age Potato Planters, Vegetable Planters and Transplanters.
- PROVEN DEPENDABILITY—Already adopted by thousands of leading growers everywhere, who are enthusiastic about the outstanding results obtained with BAND-WAY.

Write for complete information TODAY.

**Farquhar**

**IRON AGE**

FARM EQUIPMENT DIVISION

SPRAYERS • DUSTERS • PLANTERS  
TRANSPLANTERS • DIGGERS • WEEDERS  
CONVEYORS • JUICE PRESSES • SPECIAL MACHINERY

**A. B. FARQUHAR COMPANY**



## Let's Talk It Over

(Continued from page 97)

you and I. But they are worth listening to—listening carefully and considerably.

Among this latter group are our parents whose concern for our welfare is as earnest as our own. While they may not have "all the answers," certainly they have great love for us and are desirous of directing us to purposeful living. Another group to whom we should listen carefully and considerably consists of the leaders of our Church who are anxious to help. We can read their advice and listen to them and then weigh and consider for ourselves and reach our own conclusions.

PERHAPS this doesn't help us greatly in deciding what or whom we can believe, but it should suggest a few ideas. For instance, we all know that experience is a thorough but sometimes severe teacher. Indeed, there are some experiences of life—such as great sin, which are so severe, that we spend considerable effort avoiding them. Since we have neither the time nor the desire to gain all knowledge out of personal experience, we must develop to the fullest our own powers of discernment.

In doing this, a few suggestions might prove helpful. We have been told many times in many ways that the printing of a statement does not insure its truth. The great majority of books, magazines, and newspapers are published for one major purpose—to sell. And to insure the carrying out of this purpose, they often cater to the sensational and lurid. Tests have proved that the great "reading public" is more interested in the unhappy, sordid, unfortunate events of life than in the more normal happy affairs. Consequently many publications lean heavily in this negative direction. Popular books are often deliberately salacious. A western writer had an honest and fascinating novel returned to her from an eastern publishing house with the statement that it would gladly publish her book if she would "liven it up" with sex and even offered to help her do so.

Nor are scientific books always dependable—else they would never become obsolete. "Exact sciences" are constantly making corrections and taking new positions, and some of the "facts" of yesterday become

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



## Let's Talk It Over

some of the "discards" of today. Inexact sciences—such as philosophy, psychology, and sociology, are even more suspect. These studies have benefited many. One girl who took a psychology course a few years ago was greatly helped to an understanding of her unhappy, jealous feelings. Nevertheless, these studies have definite boundaries beyond which they cannot honestly go, and should be studied with an open, discerning mind.

We can learn to discriminate in our reading. Literature is seldom a "book-of-the-week" choice. Literature has borne the test of time. It is Shakespeare and Browning—and, of course, many others. Even "modern literature" is so judged by experts who test it by certain timeless truths and values. By these same standards, scripture becomes not only the greatest of literature, but also the ageless account of the temporal and spiritual experience of mankind in all generations. It becomes a basic educator of our own powers to select.

And that is the great task for each of us—to learn to select—to choose wisely. As tools for this task, we have all of our developing natures. We have our minds and hearts, our bodies, and our spirits. Fortunate is he who learns to use them well.

Every experience in life will contribute to our powers of discernment if it is met with zest and intelligence. Our minds will learn to weigh and value and select according to a sound and fortified judgment. This judgment is based on fundamental truths, which we make our own as we come to know our Father in heaven and his prophets in all times.

Our consciences will become acute—for conscience is not static. Under the promptings of prayer, and the cultivation of obedience, it becomes a sensitized instrument for living.

"What can we believe?" Parts of many things. All of some things. "Whom can we trust?" Almost everyone to some extent—but with varying reservations—and our Father in heaven constantly. And in the end—we can come to trust ourselves—or at least to have a confidence, based on prayer and humility, that what is right for us will be made known to us.

# HERE'S THE LOADER YOU'VE WAITED FOR



## COATS

*handles anything  
does everything...*

This "PLUS hired man" handles anything—manure, sand, gravel, dirt, cobs, lime, coal, snow—it loads, hauls, mixes, lifts, excavates, fills—by finger tip control from the driver's seat. More than just a "loader," it gives you many extras in speed, economy, ease of operation, including:

- "Miracle" Telescoping Frame, permits loading within a few inches of the front wheel, 3 foot loading clearance at peak of lift with 30% less strain on your tractor.
- No-slip-no-bind, tapered wood cone clutch.
- Double cable controlled lift, prevents frame twist.
- All steel construction, electrically welded.
- Automatic bucket control, prevents swinging.
- Automatic brake, stops and holds load at any level.
- Strongest factory guarantee in the industry.

Fits any row crop tractor. Hay buck and snow bucket attachments fit loader bucket. Ask your dealer about the EXTRA advantages you get with a Coats Loader, or write for free circular NOW.

... there's a Coats Loader for every  
make and type of tractor except crawlers ...

### MOUNTAIN STATES IMPLEMENT CO.

OGDEN, UTAH

## THE ERA

*A magazine to build home  
and the Church*

12 Issues

\$2.00

## WE OFFER...

A COMPLETE  
ENGRAVING SERVICE

From Missionary Portraits to the Largest  
Catalogues.

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

### UTAH ENGRAVING CO.

113 Regent St.      Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Continued from page 95)

**Eastern States:** Hugh Barnes, Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

**Hawaiian:** Ira A. Maxfield, Salt Lake City; Mary Beatrice N. B. Maxfield, Salt Lake City.

**New England:** Alice Ann Betty Brunn, Salt Lake City; Peter A. Brunn, Salt Lake City; Douglas Walter Scott, Salt Lake City.

**Northern California:** Marian Dalton, Salt Lake City; Samuel Tomlinson, Ogden, Utah; Iona Finch, San Francisco, California; Kenneth M. Julian, Mesa, Arizona; Ula Palmer Julian, Mesa, Arizona.

**North Central States:** Clara D. S. Hambleton, Salt Lake City; Jay Kellogg Oakley, Salt Lake City.

**Southern States:** Maurice Claude Benson, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Ralph Cutler, Salt Lake City; Virginia L. B. Cutler, Salt Lake City; Willard Snow Huish, Mesa, Arizona.

**Spanish-American:** Kathleen Zundel, Chico, California.

**Texas-Louisiana:** Albert George Marchant, Salt Lake City; Lily Hales Marchant, Salt Lake City; John J. McGregor, Ogden, Utah; Valborg J. J. McGregor, Ogden, Utah.

**Western Canadian:** Idonna V. Oviatt, Claresholm, Alberta, Canada.

**Western States:** Herbert Udy Dickerson, Mendon, Utah.

## OCTOBER

**California:** Ivan Winegar Layton, Salt Lake City; Evelyn Francis Mann Layton, Salt Lake City; Azer Richard Briggs, Magrath, Alberta, Canada; James Waterhouse Buckley, Cokeville, Wyoming.

**Central States:** John Roghaar, Grace, Idaho; Grace Van Der Heide Roghaar, Grace, Idaho; Francis Ellis Anderson, Oak City, Utah; Clarence Ray Hurst, Blanding, Utah; Maude Carpenter Wiley, Antimony, Utah.

**East Central States:** Martha Lucille Anderson, Los Angeles, California; Riego Stay Hawkins, Sandy, Utah; James Henry Sullivan, Salt Lake City; John Arthur Swenson, Twin Falls, Idaho; Annie Pearl Puckett Swenson, Twin Falls, Idaho.

**Eastern States:** Marcell Ervin Schmutz, St. George, Utah; Annie Elizabeth B. Schmutz, St. George, Utah; John Taylor Nelson, St. George, Utah; Joseph Alfred Jenks, Rupert, Idaho.

**Mexican:** Rinda T. Abegg, Colonia Juarez; Moroni Lehi Abegg, Colonia Juarez; Camilla Brown, Colonia Chihuahua; Theresa Farnsworth, Colonia Dublin; Isaac Albert Jarvis, Colonia Juarez; Teresa Martineau, Colonia Juarez; Reed George Romney, Colonia Juarez; Nylis Skousen, Colonia Juarez.

**New England:** Edna Groen, Ogden, Utah; Mildred Julie Andresen, Salt Lake City.

**Northern California:** Henry G. Enos, Denver, Colorado; Laura Pearl K. Everton, Logan, Utah; Walter M. Everton, Logan, Utah; Wesley A. Glauser, Logan, Utah; Clyde Gray, Central, Utah; Violet S. Gray, Central, Utah; George H. Hall, Ogden, Utah; Esther E. Howell, Logan, Utah; Carl A. Sanders, Lund, Idaho; Selma C. A. Sanders, Lund, Idaho.

**Northern States:** Phebe M. L. Rees, Logan, Utah.

**Northwestern States:** Frederick Barfus, Bancroft, Idaho; Vasco Call, Gridley, California.

## NOTE

FROM THE PRESIDING BISHOP'S OFFICE

**D**UE to an error in entry in the Northern California Mission Annual Reports, the names of Ellen Laverne Bailey King and James Frederick King were erroneously reported excommunicated from the Church April 2, 1945.

**Southern States:** Osmer D. Flake, Phoenix, Arizona; John Edward Johnson, Cowley, Wyoming; Lena B. Johnson, Cowley, Wyoming; Homer LeRoy Proctor, Salt Lake City; William H. Young, Tucson, Arizona.

**Texas-Louisiana:** William LeRoy Warner, Richfield, Utah; Martha T. Warner, Richfield, Utah; Frances J. Christiansen, Logan, Utah; Emanuel J. Fostrom, Salt Lake City; Austin E. Hollingsworth, Preston, Idaho; Rozella W. Kofod, Weston, Idaho; George Harrison Kofod, Weston, Idaho; Ernest Olsen, Richmond, Utah; Sidney C. Rymer, Grover, Utah; Henry D. Watson, Ogden, Utah; Mary Elizabeth N. Watson, Ogden, Utah; Eliza Annie S. Zollinger, Providence, Utah; Henry Moroni Zollinger, Providence, Utah.

**Western States:** Thelma Taylor, Farmington, New Mexico; Maurine Hansen, Preston, Idaho; Loi Beth K. Gowers, Los Angeles, California; Karl Bates West; Mesa, Arizona.

**Western Canadian:** Elizabeth H. Chatterton, Claresholm, Alberta, Canada; Edna M. Rasmussen, Raymond, Alberta, Canada.

## NOVEMBER

**California:** Henry Elmer McNeill, American Fork, Utah; Mabel P. McNeill, American Fork, Utah; Wilford W. Clark, Georgetown, Idaho; Albert W. Bonham, Clearfield, Utah; Charles A. Halverson, Ogden, Utah; Flora R. Halverson, Ogden, Utah.

**Canadian:** Thomas N. Perkins, Thayne, Wyoming.

**Central States:** Alice May Brewer, Mesa, Arizona.

**Eastern States:** Mildred Beth Softe, Sandy, Utah; Wilford A. Wohlgenuth, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Donna Belle Heywood, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mildred Lucille Skousen, San Bernardino, California.

**East Central:** William Henry Garner, North Ogden, Utah; Sarepta Jeanette G. Brown, Idaho Falls, Idaho; John Alfred Brown, Idaho Falls, Idaho; John Robert Marquess, Winslow, Arizona; Dorothy Victory Peterson, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

**Mexican:** Hannah Call, Colonia Dublin, Chihuahua, Mexico; Maurine Lunt, Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico.

**New England:** Harold W. Dance, Blackfoot, Idaho; Ephraim Y. Moore, Moab, Utah; Grant A. Wadsworth, Panaca, Nevada; Frances Jo Wadsworth, Panaca, Nevada; Verla Fae G. Wamsley, Weston, Idaho.

**Northern California:** Delma Jepson, Eagar, Arizona; Charles A. Petersen, Ogden, Utah; Dora B. Petersen, Ogden, Utah; Lydia T. M. Sorensen, Emery, Utah; George B. Wilson, Hurricane, Utah; Mrs. Susan Cox Wilson, Hurricane, Utah; Eben

R. T. Blomquist, Salt Lake City; Elizabeth Finch Boswell, San Francisco, California; Robert H. Boswell, San Francisco, California; Thomas Robert Cope, Arcadia, Utah; Ellen J. L. Smith, Mesa, Arizona; Silas D. Smith, Mesa, Arizona.

**North Central States:** Julia Charlette H. Buckley, LaGrande, Oregon; Louis Robert Buckley, LaGrande, Oregon; Beverly Uire, Washington, D.C.

**Northwestern:** Beverley Mae Anderson, Grantsville, Utah; Luella Bea Cotte, Trenton, Utah.

**Southern States:** Layton Griffin, Escalante, Utah; Lillie LaRue C. Griffin, Escalante, Utah.

**Spanish-American:** Orpha Laudie, Provo, Utah; Alice Louise Watts, Provo, Utah; Leah Melvige G. Moffett, Ogden, Utah; Norman David Moffett, Ogden, Utah; Orin Nelson Romney, Provo, Utah.

**Texas-Louisiana:** Para Lee Wallace, St. George, Utah.

**Western States:** Phil J. Powell, Glenwood, Utah; Arthur Mialando Poulson, Richfield, Utah.

**Western Canadian:** Jacqueline Layton Newby, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

## EXCOMMUNICATIONS

**D**ERRELL LEONARD, born June 16, 1895; no priesthood. Excommunicated August 12, 1946, in the Price Third Ward, Carbon State.

Mary Isabelle Arnold, born October 6, 1905. Excommunicated August 2, 1946, in the Englewood Ward, Denver State.

**NOTE:** Due to an error in entry in the Northern California Mission Annual Reports, the names of Ellen Laverne Bailey King and James Frederick King were erroneously reported excommunicated from the Church April 2, 1945.

Benjamin Levi Clough, born April 22, 1881. Excommunicated September 23, 1946, in the Bradford Branch, British Mission.

Florence Hugill Clough, born September 24, 1879. Excommunicated September 23, 1946, in the Bradford Branch, British Mission.

Tom Elkington, born January 12, 1907; elder. Excommunicated November 9, 1946, in the Bradford Branch, British Mission.

Marjory Thelma Kuehner Flake, born July 2, 1918. Excommunicated October 27, 1946, in the Snowflake Ward, Snowflake State.

Edith Aurelia Jackson Fougner, born May 25, 1904. Excommunicated November 13, 1946, in the South Dakota District, North Central States Mission.

Melvin Engwald Fougner, born January 9, 1896. Excommunicated November 13, 1946, in the South Dakota District, North Central States Mission.

Constance Meredith Gibson Link, born May 16, 1925. Excommunicated November 27, 1946, in the Crestmoor Ward, Denver State.

Elaine Joy McWilliams McFarland, born May 15, 1921. Excommunicated November 13, 1946, in the Halifax Branch, New England Mission.

Guy Lester Nussbaum, born June 10, 1916. Excommunicated December 9, 1946, in the Mission Park Ward, Pasadena State.

Melvin J. Roger, born October 12, 1917; elder. Excommunicated October 27, 1946, in the Snowflake Ward, Snowflake State.

Edward Daniel Scher, born November

(Concluded on page 119)



## TWO IS COMPANY

(Continued from page 81)

Patterson. Maybe he'd need a good mechanic."

"Might at that," Vic said. "I know Bill. He'd be a swell guy to work for."

"Don't you think you'd have a better chance of finding a job back in Pleasantville where you're known?" She disregarded Vic's warning look.

"Oh, Pleasantville's just a little town, Beth," he said. "Someday I'm going back there and open up my own garage, but—"

"I should think your mother would want you back now."

"Mom's the most understanding—well, she knows that this is my big chance!"

"You had your big chance, and you gambled it away," she thought. "To the tune of \$350." There'd been no mistaking that sun-bleached hair through the window.

"I've got Bill Sparks' address. I thought I'd go over and see him tonight," Perk said.

Her heart beat hopefully. If only he would be gone the whole evening! Then she could talk to Vic, clear up the misunderstanding between them.

"I wondered if you'd go with me, Vic? After all you know Bill, and—"

She held her breath. Surely Vic wouldn't go. He was as upset over their first quarrel as she was. She saw a waiting look in Perk's eyes, too, and it was as if by his answer Vic would choose between them.

"Why, sure, kid," Vic said, "I'll be glad to go with you."

Perk said, "Thanks, Vic," and he lowered his eyes, but not before she saw the look of triumph in them. She put her fork down. She had heard that men in battle grew as close spiritually as brothers. For eighteen fever-ridden days Perk's homely face had been the only bit of sanity Vic had had to cling. Maybe his gratitude to Perk was greater than his love for her.

SHE was washing dishes when Vic came into the kitchen. He had his hat and overcoat on.

"We won't be long," he said.

She faced him, trying to keep her lips from trembling. She had thought her pride too great, but she heard herself saying, "I thought you'd stay with me, Vic."

"But I know Bill Sparks, Beth. If I can give Perk a recommendation—"

"Perk's a big boy now, Vic. Big enough to get a job by himself." She tried to keep her voice light.

"Gosh, Beth, it's little enough I can do for the kid after what he did for me."

She thought frantically, "This could go on forever... always Perk... never just the two of us."

"Perk saved your life, Vic, and I'm grateful to him, but do you have to spend the rest of your life paying him back?"

He didn't answer her. He thrust his hands deep in his overcoat pockets and walked out. She heard the front door close.

Miserably she watched the car drive away. Maybe she had built up a case against Perk, a case prejudiced by jealousy and suspicion.

The sharp ring of the telephone startled her. It was Amy. "I've meant to call you all day, Beth. What happened to Vic's buddy? He never did show up, and—"

So Perk *had* lied! And he'd lied about the other things, too. She finished her conversation with Amy and hung up. She would tell Vic; let him see just what kind of person Perk was.

She made Perk's bed on the couch. This would be the last time. Tomorrow Perk could get out on his own or go back home.

But time passed, and Vic did not return. Maybe he was so angry with her he wouldn't come back. Something had happened—maybe he'd let Perk drive the car. The streets were slick with ice. By two o'clock she was ill with worry. Then she saw the car drive up in front of the apartment.

They breezed in as nonchalantly as if they hadn't kept her waiting for hours.

"Vic, I've been almost crazy with worry."

"Gosh, I'm sorry, honey. We went to see Bill. Perk got the job. We started talking about the war. Bill is a navy man, and to hear him talk, well—the time just passed—"

Perk ambled towards the kitchen. "I'm hungry. Any pie left?"

"No, there isn't!" She snapped. There was, but Perk wasn't going to have it.

She went in the bedroom and shut the door, tears flooding her eyes. After a moment Vic came in. There was a hurt look in his eyes.

"We were late, and you were worried. Okay, so I'm sorry, honey. But we didn't commit any crime. I don't get it, Beth. All of a sudden you've got no use for Perk!"

She could have told him the truth then, but she didn't. She knew that Perk represented something fine and courageous in Vic's life. Why destroy that!

She felt farther apart from Vic now than she had been in the two years he'd been away.

NEXT morning she awoke with a sense of deprivation. Then she remembered what had happened the night before.

As usual Perk was asleep on the floor by the couch only partly covered by the blanket. "Got the habit sleeping in foxholes," he'd told her.

His pajamas were pulled up showing his long skinny legs. Unconsciously, she bent to pull the blanket up over his shoulder. Then she straightened, stifling the feeling of tenderness. Perk had committed the unforgivable. He had used Vic's loyalty to gain his own selfish ends. Perk had come between them.

Breakfast with Vic was a silent affair. He looked as if he had slept badly, too.

"Would you please waken the kid about ten?" he said. "Bill wants him to come at noon. He'll have to buy work clothes." He placed a ten dollar bill on the table. He seemed to read the quick objection in her eyes. "He gave me the shirt off his back, Beth. He tore it into strips and made a splint for my broken leg."

He didn't kiss her good-bye, and the feeling of despair deepened. At ten she woke Perk. It was the first time they had been alone together, and there was none of the gay light-hearted manner. She could feel the bristling antagonism between them.

"I think it's fine about your job," she said finally. "I understood May Daynes to say that her mother would have a room—"

"Oh, I'd rather stay here," Perk said quickly. He avoided her eyes. "It's close to work, and—"

(Concluded on page 118)

## TWO IS COMPANY

(Concluded from page 117)

"But, surely, Perk, you must realize that the apartment isn't large enough for three. You'll have to get a place of your own. May's mother could give you room and board. I can inquire—"

"Don't bother," he said slowly. "I can find a place."

Now that she had told him he must go, she felt suddenly generous. "Would you like me to pack a lunch for you?"

"No—thank you, Beth. You've already done too much for me." His eyes met hers then, and the look in them tore at her heart. Once when she was a child a stray dog had followed her home. But Dad told him to "get." As the dog turned to go, he had looked up at her, and there had been that same sad look in his eyes.

Her impulse was to say, "Oh, you can stay, Perk. We'll manage somehow!" Then she called herself a fool. It was an impossible situation.

Vic came home alone that night. He held out his arms to her, and for awhile they stood there holding tight to each other.

"It's been a long day, darling," he said huskily.

"Endless—"

"No more quarreling, sweet—"

"Not ever." Perk was gone. There was nothing to quarrel about.

"Perk come home yet?" Vic whistled as he hung his coat in the closet.

"Not yet." Maybe they'd never see him again. She told herself she was glad, yet in the same moment she was remembering Perk's boyish laugh, the intense way he had enjoyed even the smallest thing they did together.

Vic lounged in the doorway while she prepared the salad. "Think I've got the kid fixed up in a pretty swell job, honey. There were a dozen other fellows wanting it, but it made a difference with his being able to buy into the business."

She turned, her face colorless. "Oh, Vic—your five hundred dollars—you didn't—"

"He'll pay it back, Beth. The kid's bound to make a go of it. He's a whiz with tools—"

"The same way he's paid back the tens he's borrowed, and the fives,

and the countless ones? You'll never see your money—that's why he wasn't waiting for you. He's skipped —"

"That's not the truth. Perk wouldn't—what the dickens has come over you? Perk thinks you're swell!"

"I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell you this, Vic. I wanted your memory of Perk to be something fine. But now—you're so blind, darling. You can't even see the real Perk. Can't you understand that a man can be a hero in war, but a heel in civilian life?"

"Say what you mean, Beth!"

"Amy called me last night. Perk didn't even go to look for the room. He lied about that. The day he claimed someone had robbed him of his money, I saw him playing poker at the Star Club. He never has looked for a job. He's spent his time and your money going to picture shows, playing pool. He's a phony, Vic. A no-good—"

THE ashen look on Vic's face stopped her, and she followed the direction of his eyes to find Perk standing in the doorway. He was wearing a new brown felt hat. He took it off, held it awkwardly in his hand.

"Come back to get my suitcase," he said. "Got a room over on Twentieth."

Vic walked over to him. For a moment she thought he was going to put an arm around Perk, but he shoved his hands in his pockets, paced back and forth.

"I'm sorry you heard, Perk. I wouldn't have had this happen for anything in the world. Beth was tired. She didn't know what she was saying. She's sorry, aren't you, Beth?" His look scorched her.

"Vic—just a minute," Perk said. "Don't be mad at Beth. She was giving it to you straight."

Vic's laugh was indulgent. "Now look, kid, you don't have to try and shift the blame—"

"A man'll take the blame, Vic. Guess I've grown up in the last eight hours." He cleared his throat, but his voice still came out dry and unsteady. "She was right—about everything. I did lie about that. I haven't been looking for work. And that \$350. I acted about six years

old then. I thought I could run it into a fortune. I lost every cent—"

"But why, Perk, why?"

"I was afraid if I got on my own you'd forget about me. She's right, Vic. Only a no-good could have been so low. I—I knew you wouldn't kick me out as long as I needed you. I was even jealous of Beth. I wanted it to be just the two of us again."

"I still don't get it!" There was a bewildered look in Vic's face.

Perk held the new hat so tight he mashed the crown in. "It's just—well, you were the first man who'd been good to me, Vic. Gosh, you liked me—you took an interest in what I did. You let me tag along with you. That time I rescued you, it wasn't just you I was saving. I—I was trying to hold to something I'd wanted all my life. You and Beth don't know what that's like, Vic. You've got each other, and—"

"But your family back in Pleasantville, Perk," she said. The thing didn't make sense.

Perk didn't answer, but his eyes met hers, and she thought of the stray dog again, the stray, homeless dog, and she understood. There wasn't any family back in Pleasantville. No Mom or Pop or sister Ellen who was very talented. There wasn't any Buddy. . . .

Perk picked up his suitcase. "Guess I better shove off. Bill has the money, Vic."

Vic put a hand out as if to stop him, then looked back at her and let it drop. Perk opened the door.

"Perk . . ." the name came from her heart, and her voice was gentle. "Wouldn't you like to have a bit of supper with us before you go back to your room? There's an apple pie left."

Perk didn't answer. It must have been for a full minute that he stood with his back to them, his hand on the doorknob, and when he turned around his eyes were clear with a new-washed brightness.

"I sure would, Beth. Apple pie's my favorite."

"Well, come on, then. The potatoes aren't mashed. You'll find an apron on the hook by the cupboard."

She saw the look in Vic's eyes. He was putting her back on the pedestal again, fully aware that she had feet of clay.



## THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Concluded from page 116)

24, 1901; elder. Excommunicated December 2, 1946, in the Emigration Ward, Park Stake.

Robert Barton Soderborg, born June 8, 1910. Excommunicated April 1, 1946, in the Ogden Fifth Ward, Mount Ogden Stake.

William Ola Thompson, born May 6, 1883. Excommunicated November 13, 1946, in the South Maine District, New England Mission.

Emma Greenfield Ware, born January 29, 1889. Excommunicated December 16, 1946, in the Ogden Seventeenth Ward, Mount Ogden Stake.

### SENIOR SCOUT ORGANIZATION OF BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

From Birmingham, England, the report of Bertram H. Stokes includes the information that the Senior Scouts have been organized, that the British Scouts are planning to attend the jamboree in France, and that he is active in getting Scout troops organized throughout the British Mission. The picture here is of a mission band, consisting of three drums and seven bugles. Elder Stokes has called into scouting many non-members of the Church, who have become interested in this activity.



SIX EAGLE SCOUTS WITH OFFICERS FROM MONROVIA, CALIFORNIA



NORTH HOLLYWOOD WARD FIRESIDE GROUP WHICH MEETS EACH SUNDAY EVENING TO STUDY THE DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS COMMENTARY  
—Submitted by Raymond H. Linford, president, North Hollywood fireside group.

## No-Liquor-Tobacco Column

(Concluded from page 107)

a group, he will meet with sympathetic men who understand, for they were once alcoholics themselves. In their meetings they relate their experiences, tell how they can prove and testify that the newcomer can also recover. They charge no fees, administer no drugs, but do extend warm hands of fellowship and helpfulness. They invite every alcoholic to get in touch with them by writing to Alcoholics Anonymous, P.O. Box 1862, Salt Lake City, Utah.

These groups have a record of curing more than seventy-five percent of the alcoholics who join with them—a remarkable record. We commend these groups for their fine unselfish service. More power to them! We urge every alcoholic who can possibly do so to get in touch with them. No publicity whatever is given to membership.

### "The Menace of Moderation"

Do you read in the December issue of *The Improvement Era*, J. Maurice Trimmer's article under this title? If you did and liked it and can make good use of copies of it in folder form, you

are invited to ask us for them, and we shall be glad to mail them to you. Address the No-Liquor-Tobacco Committee, Latter-day Saint Church Administration building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

The liquor problem is more and more engaging the attention of thoughtful people interested in human welfare and the good of the country. But there is little unity on how to solve the problem. There are some people who believe that drinking in moderation produces no harmful results—it is only excessive drinking that does so. If this were true, why is it railway locomotive engineers and airplane pilots are forbidden while on duty to drink at all? Scientific evidence proves that even one or two drinks cause a slowing up of the reaction time of most people—the results being accidents that but for this slowing up would not have occurred. In many cases a split second makes the difference between disaster and escape. This was proved in a notable case of an airplane accident over Maryland about the twentieth of December 1946. A copilot instantly grabbed the control wheel from the pilot who did not see the oncoming plane. This split second action avoided a disastrous head-on

collision of two planes two thousand feet in the air, and about thirty lives were thus saved. Also in motorcar driving on the highways, a split second often makes the difference between disaster and escape. So important is quick reaction time that safety demands that all motorcar drivers be free of alcohol in their blood.

No harm in moderate drinking? No one ever takes a first drink with the thought of becoming a drunkard. It is said that fifty million people in America drink more or less regularly. Of this vast number, millions of them drink excessively, to their sorrow and succumb to the low status of drunkards, huge numbers losing control of themselves and living only to drink. Yes, the danger of the first drink is so great that no one can safely take a chance—so say informed students of the subject. Hence the virtues of total abstinence should continually be taught, encouraged, and repeatedly urged. There are so many influences that make for drinking and so many that handicap advocates of total abstinence that all of these advocates need to be forewarned, encouraged, strengthened, and helped in their good work in order that they may avoid becoming discouraged.

## HOLE IN THE ROCK

(Continued from page 83)

a little girl in her father's charge, were buried in those lonely graves, and there would always be a shadow in her mother's eyes.

Turning to the south again, Mary went slowly on to meet her husband, calmer now, her own troubles seeming lighter in the face of that other exodus. Her mother had never complained and wouldn't do so now. Yet her mother had been afraid, Mary knew, just as she and Arabella were afraid now. Only yesterday the world was as bright as the wings of a pheasant, she thought, and was off on a new tangent of bitterness, choking in its force. Her thoughts raced through her parent's indelible stories, the words of her bedtime prayer: "Thanks, Lord, that we are safe in Zion."

She laughed bitterly. Hungry and cold, yet safe! Time and time again she had heard her father tell how, his poor frozen feet no longer able to carry him, he had said: "Vell, Elsie, I go heem no fuder. Schoedst you go on, lass, schoost you bedder be going on." Then had come her mother's answering words: "Ride,

Yense, I can pull you!" The words beat like drums in her ears. . . . "I can pull you! I can pull you! I CAN PULL YOU!"

She broke into a protesting run, trying to drown the memory, but it came again and again, followed by her father's calm voice of the after years. "Children," he said happily, "I tell da Lord he let me, Brodder Nielsen, live, I spend all the more of my days in yusefulness, vorking, always under da priesthood, vorking!"

BACK over the years went Mary's mind, reciting like a dull parrot that knows but one word, "Why? Why?"

Born on the island of Laaland, in Denmark, her father had prospered and had married her mother, Elsie Rasmussen. When he accepted the faith of the new preachers, the "Mormon" elders, he was only thirty years old, and well-to-do. Yes, he would come to America, to the land of his beloved faith. He could afford wagons to cross the plains. But Brigham Young advised his people to sell their goods and share with the poor. "Travel by handcart,

Brother Nielsen! Travel by handcart!" had been the leader's advice. Her father had followed that advice. He had shared with the poor, yet the Lord had let him get frozen feet!

Mary's conscience twinged but got no further. She was past all shame. Would any of her father's children ever forget that their mother had pulled their father across the plains? Would they ever forget how, huddled in the cart with nothing to do but think, he had cried in broken English, "My Elsie, vorking like a horse! My friends in Denmark turned all against me! But there is Zion. Soon, Zion!"

Mary knew every inflection of her parents' voices, every one of the stories by heart. After joining the Church, her father had filled a mission to his own people in Denmark. Two and a half years he had spent trying to get them to see as he could see, that the gospel of his faith was a new way of life. But they laughed at him. Discouraged, taken advantage of by those who had been his friends, he sold his property, paid a full tithing, and, lining his family beside him on the pier, he sailed for



## HOLE IN THE ROCK

America. Yes, Zion was for them. . . .

The past and the present blurred in her mind till her thinking was hardly more than emotion, a fierce sharp pity for herself and the parents who had faithfully borne so much. She threw back her head to get air. Never, never had they arrived in Utah but for their faith, never but for their faith have carried on . . . Parowan, Panguitch, Circleville—they had colonized them all. Then at last, Cedar City, home and a few comforts. Advanced in the priesthood . . . member of the high council . . . bishop's counselor . . . bishop. . . . Always faithful in his promise to the Lord.

\* \* \*

THERE was no dust on the road in the distance, no sound of horses' hoofs. Mary was too tired to go on. She turned and went back the way she had come.

Arabella came to meet her, and they stood a minute in silence. Calm at last, and contrite, Mary said, "I'm no proper pioneer, Arabella. Call or no call, I want to stay here."

"I'd like to stay, too, Mary," Arabella said, "but the price would be too great."

Before the tired wisdom of her friend, Mary remained silent, and Arabella continued: "There are times when we all feel as you do, Mary, but we've come to know that the Church leaders have carried on in the only way they could. I've heard my father say that some men complain that just when they begin to get a little property around them, begin to be a power in their community, they are moved on to start all over again, just so the leaders can be the whole show. My father doesn't believe that, Mary, nor yours, nor those who grumble, really. In their hearts they know that President Young was wise to choose his colonizers from the ranks of those who had proved themselves, just as President Taylor is doing now. It is hard, but very wise."

Mary shook her head. "Oh, I know you're right, Arabella," she said. "I'm wicked, that's all."

Arabella smiled. "No, Mary," she said sympathetically, "you're just confused. Pioneers can't ever be what they'd like to be—not artists, not naturalists, not poets, but just road builders and fighters. They

can't even be comfortable cowards."

"Comfortable cowards." Mary repeated the words slowly. "Comfortable cowards." Her eyes lighted up. "That's it," she cried. "That's the key to everything! We don't want to go off to an unknown, almost unheard-of country of sand and rocks and Indians, but we will. That is what has been the matter with me. I couldn't be a comfortable coward!"

She laughed with relief. "Kumen can't be the naturalist he'd like to be; he's got to pioneer. But, oh, Arabella, there'll be flowers there, new and strange ones. There'll be different rocks and wild animals. Kumen may not have time to learn all about them, but his son will!"

Arabella caught her breath. Mary was like a young prophetess. From where had she gathered this new and unexpected strength, this sudden acceptance of the call?

"Mary," she said. "Oh, my dear, you will surely have a child."

But Mary's throat had contracted, her hands hung limply at her sides. "I'd forgotten," she said. "It's—it's all right for me to go. I'll not have any babies to be scalped by Indians. But you—you, Arabella!"

"It's no more right for you to go than it is for me," Arabella said flatly.

"Oh, yes, it is!" Mary's eyes blazed defiance. "I'm as big and husky as I look."

Arabella protested, but Mary, seeming not to hear, went on in a dull voice. "Kumen's dream. . . . He has to go, and I'll go with him."

Arabella's black eyes were compassionate as they walked in silence along the dark wheel tracks. Presently she spoke her thought. "Kumen's dream, Mary, what was that? You and Sage Treharne had that between you yesterday."

"Do you believe in dreams?" Mary asked. "And interpretations of dreams?"

"I don't know," Arabella answered thoughtfully. "It seems the interpretations are often too convenient."

"But you believe in the Church."

"Of course, Mary. That is true, or why are we doing all the hard, life-taking things we do? But dreams—I just don't know about them."

"But it does seem that some have the gift of interpreting. Sage Tre-

harne has it. Kumen's mother never misses telling the meaning of a dream."

"Yes, I know. What was the dream, Mary? When did Kumen have it?"

"On our way home from the St. George Temple, more than a year ago."

"When you went there to be married?" Arabella asked.

"Yes. The night before we got home, Kumen had the dream. He told his mother right off, even before supper. He said he dreamed he was in the wildest, most unsettled region in the world, a place that had many tribes of Indians in it. He was standing on the bank of a wide river, looking across to the other side where some white people were building a large rock house. Hundreds of Indians were standing about, watching."

Mary stopped, deep in the process of reconstructing the picture the dream called up.

"Well, go on, Mary, go on!" Arabella urged. "What happened then?"

Mary kicked a rock, waited for it to fall back into the dirt, and said meditatively, "That's the funny part of it, nothing happened. Nothing at all. Kumen said he just stood there looking, and wondering at the beauty of the cliffs and the blueness and brightness of the sky."

"And Sage Treharne, what did she make of it?"

"Nothing at first, not for a long time," Mary answered. "Then one day she said: 'Kumen, you'll be called on a mission to the Indians of some remote, unsettled region. The building is a school. The bright day is a symbol of success.' It seemed prophetic, for we hadn't even been talking of the dream."

"But where is such a place?" Arabella asked, believing in spite of herself.

"They say it is along the San Juan River somewhere. That's the place where we're going," Mary said with conviction.

Arabella started. "Oh, I'd forgotten the call. I'd forgotten about yesterday: I was so absorbed with the dream."

"Was it only yesterday?" Mary's voice trailed off into musing. "It seems ages ago. Kumen's name was the first one called."

(Continued on page 122)

# Drink FICGO

FREE FROM CAFFEINE

You will enjoy this delicious, healthful hot beverage free from the stimulants condemned for years by leading medical men. FICGO contains no caffeine nor harmful oils normally found in coffee. Only Nature's treasured fruits of sun and soil go into FICGO, a delightful blend of the finest selected oven-roasted barley and tree-ripened California figs. You who recognize the benefits of sane eating and drinking will delight in the savory flavor of this wholesome, caffeine-free hot drink with your meals. Mothers, too, praise FICGO for children, who love it particularly these cold winter days. Proven by 20 years of popularity, FICGO can be recommended freely as a healthful drink for children and grownups alike.

LEONARD H. BALLIF, President  
California Figo Company  
Los Angeles, California



## HOT BISKITS and JAM!

Look for this New Package  
at your Grocers!



(Continued from page 121)  
"Yes," Arabella said gently. "And I'll never forget how Sage Treharne looked when Henry Lunt told her that."

JUST then came the clatter of hoofs on the road behind them. Mary cried, "They're coming!" and ran back down the road to meet her husband.

Arabella could see that Kumen was alone, but she knew that Stanford would not be far behind, so she chose another of the flat black lava rocks that dotted the roadside, and sat down to rest and wait for him, watching Mary as she ran. How like a boy Mary was, and as fleet as a deer, while Kumen was as slow as a grandfather. Well, not exactly slow, she amended, but deliberate, almost easy-going. Mary was like Stanford, impetuous and determined. As for herself, she was more like Kumen. Surely the law of opposites had taken over the four of them, yet had left so much in common.

Seeing Mary flying toward him, Kumen sprang from his horse and caught her in his outstretched arms. The last rays of the sun were gone, and the shadows almost hid them, standing close, lost for the moment to the world. A moment they stood, then came on, leading the black stallion.

As they came nearer, Arabella could see that the horse had been ridden hard, for he was gray with lather and his head drooped. Stanford would be behind with his team, for he had driven the stake presidency in his light wagon, as he usually did. He loved to ride his own horse and be free to go with the wind as Kumen did, but somehow it always felt to his lot to do the slow and steady things. What a paradox! No one chafed under restraint as Stanford did. Handsome and blond, yet as brown as an Indian, with a will as indomitable as his steeled limbs, he found it hard to be given the place of a sober senior when he was only twenty-six years old. But that was the way it was, and though he chafed, he accepted it.

Seeing that Kumen and Mary were almost up to the rock on which she sat, Arabella stood up, smiling at Mary's glowing face, a pale flame

in the twilight, her excited words falling like bell strokes as she told him excitedly how the news had struck the town.

"So you've got everything settled!" Kumen cried, taking Arabella's hand in a warm, friendly grasp. "You don't look very scared." He laughed uneasily and went on without waiting for Arabella to answer. "Hang these new-fangled telegraph wires anyway! A fellow can't ride home with his own thunderbolt like he could in the good old days!"

His voice was high-pitched and unnatural. Arabella knew at once that he was sick at heart. Though his tone was light, there was no laughter in his eyes, no funny little quirk at the left corner of his mouth. And without that, Kumen was deadly serious.

But still pretending, he clamped Mary's bonnet on her head and bent to kiss her.

Mary's hands flew to the starched sides of her bonnet and held them close to her face in confusion. "That's a new use for a headpiece," she laughed, as Kumen released her.

THERE was the clop-clop of horses' hoofs and the clatter of wagon wheels on the road.

"That's Stanford, Arabella," Kumen said. "He left sooner than I did, so we'd get here together. Shall we wait?"

"Of course not," Arabella said. "You and Mary hurry on to town and spread the word that the men are coming. I'll wait here till the wagon comes up."

Kumen turned to lift Mary on the horse, behind the saddle, then took Arabella's arm affectionately. "You look pale and tired, Arabella," he said. "I hope this is not too hard on you."

"I'm really all right," she assured him, but there was a catch in her voice that denied her words.

Pioneering is not for women, he thought, swinging into the saddle. They pay too great a price.

Arabella waved to them as they rode off, holding her lips from trembling as she smiled. It was always the way. Mary could meet her husband alone, supremely unconscious of the world. Stanford, arriving with the sedate head men of the Church,



## Hole in the Rock

would say hello, curtly, because he wanted it to be otherwise, then scold his wife for waiting so long in the damp, cold air.

She brushed the tears from her eyes and turned her attention to the oncoming wagon. There sat Stanford, leaning forward in the moonlight, urging the team to a tired trot, for he had seen her.

"Lord make us strong for our task," she prayed. "But let my baby be born here at home."

(To be continued)

## Religious Attitudes of Noted Men

(Concluded from page 74)

Sir William Osler (British physician, 1849-1919) says:

The scientific student should be ready to acknowledge the value of a belief in a hereafter as an asset in human life. . . . He will recognize that amid the turbid ebb and flow of human misery a belief in the resurrection of the dead in the life of the world to come is the rock of safety to which many of the noblest of his fellows have clung. . . . (Page 335.)\*

L. P. Jacks, educational philosopher, is quoted as follows:

I do think that our human personalities are capable of acquiring a value which a just universe would not suffer to be extinguished. I look upon immortality, then, rather as a prize to be won than as a birth-right given for nothing. (Page 337.)\*

William W. Keen, surgeon and medical educator, is quoted thus:

Bodywise, man is an animal, but thanks be to God, his destiny is not the same as that of the beasts that perish. To develop great men, such as Aristotle, Plato, Shakespeare, Milton, Washington, Lincoln, and then by death to quench them in utter oblivion would be unworthy of Omnipotence. To my mind it is simply an impossible conclusion. Man's soul *must* be immortal. (Page 338.)\*

Balfour Stewart and Peter Guthrie Tait, physicists, in their book *The Universe*, said of immortality:

"We have no physical proof in favor of it unless we allow that Christ rose from the dead. But it will be admitted that if Christ rose from the dead a future state becomes more than possible; it becomes probable." They express the opinion that the same intelligent power which produced the universe could have accomplished the resurrection of Christ without a break of continuity so far as the whole universe is concerned. (Page 338.)\*

FEBRUARY 1947

## ATTEND THE L. D. S. . . . It's Your Business College

The L. D. S. Business College offers young people the advantages of modern, thoroughly practical business education . . . plus "Institute" classes under the direct guidance of the L. D. S. Department of Education. Students from every part of the nation find here an active, personal interest in their welfare—from a staff of highly qualified instructors.

Write for full information about courses, day and evening schools, tuition rates, etc.

## L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 North Main

Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Telephone 3-2765

Attend the L. D. S.—opposite Temple Square—during Utah's Centennial



**ROYAL BREAD**

It's Good—and Good for You

is a Quality Product

It has been in demand for over 50 years. Has all the nourishment bread should have

*fresh*  
EVERY DAY AT  
YOUR GROCER'S

**WELL BAKED**  
ENRICHED in VITAMINS

Royal Baking Company Salt Lake City and Ogden

## ROHBOCK'S SONS

EXCLUSIVE GROWERS OF ALL ORIGINAL

RICHARD DIENER NURSERY

Seeds, Plants and Bulbs

OREM, UTAH, U. S. A.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

## HOTEL LANKERSHIM

7th & BROADWAY

MODERATE RATES

L. D. S. Headquarters in Los Angeles

FRANK R. WISHON Operator

RAY H. BECKETT, Manager

LOS ANGELES

"TWO PERSONS — ONE CHARGE"

*From Europe to the Islands of the Pacific,  
Equally Welcome*

## THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

12 Issues

\$2.00

# Improvement Era Subscribers . . .

The ERA gives you much of the best current CHURCH LITERATURE. Within its covers you find each month authoritative material written or spoken by our Church leaders.

Has it occurred to you what priceless gems of theology, poetry and down-to-earth gospel you have in the year-by-year volumes of this magazine?

Why not preserve them for your future reference and your children's edification? We urge you to do so.

Single volumes (12 numbers) bound in durable, attractive, blue cloth binding, stamped in gold \$2.25 each plus postage.

Ten or more volumes at one time \$2.00 each plus postage.

Bring them in or mail them to us

**NOW!**



or

**The  
Deseret News Press**

29 Richards Street, Salt Lake City

*Authorized King James Version*

Time cannot  
dim the beauty  
of the Bible...  
nor the joy  
of reading it . . . or  
giving it to others.

**National BIBLES**  
SINCE 1863 AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

# A Week of SUNDAY SCHOOL

By RONDA WALKER

SUNDAY SCHOOLS usually are "Sunday" Schools, but in southern Utah of 1850 to 1860, they were Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday Schools. This unusual educational arrangement began at Paragonah, the second Mormon settlement in southern Utah, where reading, writing, ciphering, and spelling were included in the regular Sunday Schools lessons.

The Mormon colonizers who had been sent by Brigham Young to develop the iron ore deposits in the southern section of the state, had also to build homes, raise crops, and set up some form of governmental organization. Women and children had to work just as long and as diligently as the menfolk. With so much to do, it was not easy for them to break their daily routine for study. They lived and practised their religion every day, and after the evening meal, Father read to his family from the Bible while Mother darned the rough home-knit sox as she listened. The children wrote the Old Testament stories on their slates as their father read, and then he listened to them recite the stories back to him. In this way, they studied their reading and writing. Occasionally an arithmetic problem was given to them.

The children began taking their slates and readers as well as their Bibles to Sunday School, and Brother John Robinson, the superintendent, encouraged the practice. Promptly at ten, the young Church members, with books and slates, took their places in the Sabbath School along with their elders. In the little adobe church house in the southeast corner of the Old Fort, they met each Sunday morning for worship, and after the usual opening prayer and hymn, the children proceeded to the building's second room for their lessons.

Sister Jane Carter began the class by reading scripture to her pupils, after which she would hear them recite from their readers and orally outdo each other in the spelling bees.



In the other part of the building, Brother Robinson often led the parents in spelling bees and penmanship drills.

By 1852, many of the Saints had moved South to Cedar City, and there, too, worship and study motivated their daily activity. Mathematics was a regular Sabbath day study, and Brother William Dame taught surveying to some of the students, for they would have to know how to carry on business transactions and how to lay out their city.

The establishment of Cedar City came as a result of the need for iron ore, since the Saints could not afford to transport it from Missouri. Methods of mining and smelting had to be learned; since Sunday Schools were the only educational institutions of the settlement, where was a better place to teach mining? Thus justifying the curricular activity, the Cedar City Mormons added such courses as mineral analysis and smelting methods to their regular Sabbath worship.

The settlers in Kanarraville, Hamilton's Fort, and Enoch were mainly farmers, thus farming methods and farm-animal raising were the natural courses of study supplementing their Sunday prayer meetings.

The Saints did not, however, forget the purpose of the Sabbath day, and regular hours were designated for prayer and sermon. These industrious people were simply being practical as well as progressive, and were beginning early to instruct their young folk in material, cultural, and spiritual things.



# PIONEER DAY CELEBRATION

IN the heart of Brazil's great industrial state Sao Paulo is located the City of Campinas, which is the third largest city in the state. It is a railway center for farming and industry, as well as being served by Brazil's best railroad, "The Paulista." Aside from the city's economic advancement, it is the home of Brazil's great artists, the greatest of which was Carlos Gomez, Brazil's most noted musician, whose music has been heard around the world.

The first missionaries of our Church went to Campinas in 1938. In 1941 the first baptisms were held. The new members were all young people. The mis-

sionaries seemed to fit in with the young people of the city. The Mutual Improvement Association was the best attended of the meetings the missionaries held.

magnificent spectacle, therefore, I wish to take this opportunity to advise you that it is difficult to find a group of dramatists with the facility of expression which holds the entire sympathy of the audience from the beginning of the show to the end as did your group. In order to do this and to present such an inspired program, they must be united with the same ideal. It is only by considering your united effort that I can account for your success.

At the end of the program I felt as if I would like to have seen it again. . . . I hope that next year a similar wonderful program will be presented. I assure you that even if I am sick I will be there to see the presentation each year, and then I'll be thankful to God for learning more about



INSIDE VIEW  
OF  
MUNICIPAL  
THEATER  
OF  
CAMPINAS  
FILLED TO  
CAPACITY

sionaries seemed to fit in with the young people of the city. The Mutual Improvement Association was the best attended of the meetings the missionaries held.

It was not long until the talent for fine arts of the small M.I.A. group commenced to appear on the stages of the city. The largest audience yet to attend a program presented by the Mutual Improvement organization in Campinas municipal theater of the city, which seats 2,000 people, was filled to capacity. When the curtain went up there were people standing in the aisles to see a program which lasted three and one-half hours.

Since the presentation of the program the elders of that branch have had many comments on their splendid performance, but perhaps the best of all these was that of a letter received from one of Campina's most prominent citizens. The letter follows:

President of the M.I.A. Organization,  
Campinas

Dear Sir:

First of all, by means of this letter I wish to express my appreciation for the good invitation kindly extended to me by your organization of enthusiastic youth of Campinas, birthplace of art and many other beautiful things. . . .

It was a thrill to see that wonderful and  
FEBRUARY 1947

true friendship, for hearing the gospel of Christ being preached, and for seeing the strongest union among persons I have ever seen in my days. . . .

Ivo José Marques

## Charles A. Callis

(Concluded from page 78)

His sermons sparkled with personal experiences from the mission field and betrayed his hobby of collecting and memorizing thoughts of literature from the world's great minds.

His monument will always be the stake in Florida—Florida Stake—one hundred sixty-three in the roll call of stakes, because it is there that he labored so long and came to know his people—the common people—so well.

Surviving him are a son, five daughters, and two sisters. Sister Callis passed away last October 12.

Well attended funeral services were held for Elder Callis at both Jacksonville, Florida, and in Salt Lake City.

YOUR LOCAL  
**KOLOB AGENT**  
IS INTERESTED IN YOUR  
**PERSONAL and  
BUSINESS**

*Security*

Offering policies for every known risk . . . tailored to your exact needs and specifications. For complete and competent insurance service, see the local KOLOB agent in your community.



THE  
**KOLOB**  
CORPORATION

FRANK SALISBURY, Manager  
330 Judge Bldg. Phone 4-8451

**HARTHGARD**  
TRADE MARK  
THE VERTICAL FIREPLACE GRATE



No Other Accessories Needed  
**IDEAL FOR COOL  
SPRING EVENINGS**

"Harthgard" is well ahead of all others! Unsurpassed appearance . . . You see all the fire. Burns all solid fuels. Fires last longer. Economical and will not burn out. No installation cost. Inexpensive, practical and attractive. Delivered, only \$11.35 (50c additional East of Rocky Mountains) Write for Guarantee and Literature

**W. M. PLIMPTON**  
Distributor

2212H Fifth Ave. North Seattle 9 Wash.



# EVERY DAY More People Say: ELECTRIC SERVANTS ADD TO THE JOY OF LIVING

See Your Dealer

**UTAH POWER &  
LIGHT CO.**

**Miner Mike  
SAYS**

"Recently the Newmont Mining Company, one of the nation's larger mining companies, announced its intention of developing certain mineral ground in Utah. We should encourage more outside capital to take a hand in development of our resources. For each dollar of ore produced, 90c stays in Utah."



**METAL MINING INDUSTRY  
OF UTAH**

## THE ONE HOPE OF ALL NATIONS

(Concluded from page 75)

immoral, it becomes only a question of time until misery and destruction follow, as did the great flood, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, of Jerusalem, of Babylon, of the Jaredites and the Nephites. All of these things follow unrighteousness.

There is only one hope for us; there is only one hope for any nation and any people, and that is to turn from our wicked ways and worship the God of our fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of Joseph Smith, and honor him by keeping his commandments.

## HOW THE DESERT WAS TAMED

(Continued from page 77)

crops could be grown on lands without irrigation, if the annual rainfall was twelve inches or more.

From the mountains surrounding the valleys came streams of water, which could be used for irrigation. It was quite evident, however, that this supply could not cover more than a small fraction of the land available. Moreover, to increase difficulties, the water in the streams ran high from the melting snows in the spring when least needed by crops, and low in summer when needed most. It was soon realized that, in this country, the water available for crop use would determine the extent of the agriculture of the new-found country.

Irrigation had been discussed before and after the settlement in the Great Basin began. It had been considered in the Nauvoo Temple meetings. Information had been gathered continually from all sources. Nevertheless, when the people, nearly all of whom knew only humid or rainfall farming, faced the practical operations of irrigation, they found that they had much to learn and to discover.

First, the water had to be carried from the stream to the farm. That meant the building of canals and ditches. Then, to secure more water for the critical summer season, when the stream flow was small, the spring water not needed had to be stored until late irrigations were demanded. That meant the building of dams for reservoirs.

Even after the water was at the farm, how, when, and where should it be applied? That meant seasons of intelligent observation. Even after

these many years, there is a difference of opinion concerning the methods and times of applying water to crops, for the best results.

THE biggest need, however, was of a social economic character. Irrigation had not at that time been practised on this continent, or scarcely elsewhere for that matter, under conditions of modern civilized man. The small scale irrigation projects of the Indians or of the Catholic missions, or the experiences of the Latin countries of Europe, supplied little or no help to a people who were about to settle tens of thousands of civilized families under the ditch.

The pioneers recognized the problem, but stood unafraid before it. They believed that to man is given the power to compel nature to serve, if only human powers are applied intelligently and diligently. So they set to work resolutely with pick and shovel to dig their canals, and to lay brush dams across streams to divert water into the new conduits. In more remote places, the lack of proper instruments made primitive methods necessary. The surface of water in a cup had to suffice as a level to guide the canal digger. Sometimes also serious results followed the use of crude helps, as when on one occasion the end of the canal was found higher than the head! But, such mistakes were rectified with more labor and more care.

The larger dams for storage reservoirs required means beyond their control, and began to come only as the foundations of the state were more firmly laid, after pioneer days.

Experience in the use of water on

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



## HOW THE DESERT WAS TAMED

the farm came largely by a procedure of trial and error. Little by little the irrigators learned to vary the quantity of water and the time of application according to the nature of the soil, the kind of crop, and the stage of plant growth. One man's experience was passed on to another, until a consensus of opinion was secured. Many of the conclusions reached have been found correct under the later, scrutinizing eye of science.

The human relations which of necessity arise under irrigation required that the pioneers discover new practices and often to break with old ones. From time immemorial, in the common law of Anglo-Saxon people, the man on the upper reaches of a stream must not change the natural course or flow of the stream on the lower reaches. At every point as the stream had flowed in ages past, it must continue to flow. Under this ancient and respected law, no diversion of water for irrigation purposes could legally be made. Only the man near the mouth of the stream could use the water for irrigation; or if he did not use it, it might go to waste. Clearly, in a coming commonwealth depending upon irrigation for its very existence, such a law was a hindrance, and in opposition to the welfare of the state. So, the law of riparian rights was thrown away. To replace it, a new order was issued, under which the beneficial use of flowing water would determine the rights on the stream. The pioneers were not afraid to place laws of nature first, and laws of man second. It was characteristic of the pioneers to adapt themselves to existing conditions, no matter what past practices may have been.

Likewise, many farmers depended upon the canal for their livelihood. Those nearest the head of the canal, having first access to the water, might use it selfishly, in excessive quantities. That would deprive those lower down on the canal from the water necessary to mature their crops. There were no American regulations in existence, available to pioneers, governing such situations. So there grew up, as the years progressed, a set of legislative acts to restrain selfishness, and to secure justice for every person under the ditch. Under these laws, there de-

veloped canal companies, with officers and powers to govern the distribution of water. These organizations were of various kinds, to meet differing minds and conditions. Officers, new to the day, appeared, as for example, the watermaster whose duty it was to secure an equitable division of water among all owners or stockholders of the canal organization.

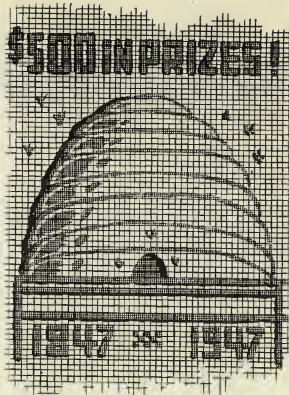
Whenever an irrigation project was properly managed, a secondary benefit of irrigation became apparent. The whole community was dependent upon the certain operation of the canal system. The welfare of every family under the ditch was involved, farmer, storekeeper, and professional man. As a result the community had one main economic interest—the protection of the canal. This common interest of the community touched every personal interest therein. This helped establish firm community life. The pioneers recognized this principle, and those of a later day have utilized it in making the arid spaces of earth serve human needs.

OUT of the initial irrigation ventures of the Latter-day Saints have come the major rules, regulations, and laws now governing irrigation institutions and communities everywhere. When irrigation was begun in the Great Basin, work was accomplished from which the whole world has benefited. Utah has long been a mecca for students of irrigation the world over.

The pioneers did not know that the earth lies mainly under a low rainfall. More than half of the earth's surface requires irrigation or special methods of tillage to produce crops successfully and profitably. In irrigation development, as in many other phases of life, the pioneers touched upon a world problem.

In irrigation, the pioneers faced a new and difficult problem, but with intelligent courage and faith, guided by simple principles of righteousness, they met and conquered it. They won, as all will win in any of life's problems who do likewise, whether individually or as communities, and hold one another's rights in decent respect.

(To be continued)



## IN THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE CENTENNIAL ARTS and CRAFTS CONTEST

To stimulate interest in the creation of arts and crafts, needlework and the use of Utah designs, The Salt Lake Tribune announces the Utah Centennial Arts and Crafts contest. You may compete in adult needlework, adult artcraft, youth needlework, youth artcraft or pioneer division.

The contest closes May 30, 1947, with \$100 first prize and \$400 in other cash prizes.

### HOW TO ENTER

Write The Salt Lake Tribune Home Service Bureau, Salt Lake City, Utah for complete information. Subscribers to The Tribune can get complete details from their daily or Sunday Salt Lake Tribune.

The  
Salt Lake  
Tribune

# 47 YOUR PAGE and OURS

Priorvej 12  
Copenhagen F, Denmark

Dear Editors:

SOMETIME you may have enough space in your magazine to print this. When many of the boys were in the service and away from home, everyone was encouraged to write to them. There were many slogans, too. Remember? Now many of the boys have returned and are serving the Lord for two years or slightly longer. We still like to receive letters and hear all the news from home even though we aren't able to answer the majority of them. Many people have moved out of that old ward at home, and many a new person has moved in, and perhaps the latter doesn't know us too well or perhaps not at all. However the case may be, there are a lot of missionaries that didn't get even a Christmas card this year from those at home. I know because I have been working in the office where I have forwarded the mail. There is a part of us at home, for when we say our prayers and say, "Bless our friends and loved ones at home," we mean it, for we think that they are behind us one hundred percent. This wasn't written for my benefit, but for some of the boys here who haven't even heard from anyone except their faithful parents.

Perhaps the feature that makes a mission lonely here is that we have to learn the language, and until we do the people can't talk to us, and therefore we don't get a chance to mingle with them. One of the elders wrote this:

Dear folks at home:

I'm that missionary you sent away  
Remember, my farewell party,  
You promised your blessings each night and day.  
Have you forgotten since I've been gone?  
I've wondered for I haven't heard,  
Not a Christmas Greeting,  
Not even a friendly word.

Have you ever been away from home  
And wished for news from there?  
Watch and wait for the letter  
That tells you people care?  
Then that letter doesn't come  
And you can't help but think  
Are my friends behind me  
Or have they left me at the brink?

Oh, I'm kept busy,  
And I love the work I do,  
But just a cheery message from home  
Makes cloudy skies turn blue.  
So if you have a minute  
I'd like to hear from you,  
Just a greeting from home  
Whether it be only a word or two.

I have had some wonderful experiences so far, and I'm enjoying this mission more each day.

Sincerely yours,  
Elder George Felsch

Dear Editors:

SHORTLY after we made the invasion of Cebu in the Philippines, I found a copy of *The Improvement Era* in a fox hole previously held by the company we relieved. That is how I became acquainted with your magazine. That issue went the rounds in our outfit. Later some "Mormon" boys joined us, and I learned more from them. One even helped me to get my subscription in by having his father order for me.

Last summer my subscription expired. I'd like very much to renew it. Please find enclosed a check for \$2.00. I'd also like to learn more of the Latter-day Saint religion. Can you recommend any books for study? I was reared a Methodist but never joined any church. I know of no "Mormons" in this part of Iowa.

Sincerely,  
....  
St. Charles, Iowa.

## Second Guess

A little boy had become accustomed to sleeping with the light on. One night his parents decided that he was big enough to sleep in the dark. He was put to bed, and the lights were turned out.

"Do I have to sleep in the dark?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well," said the little fellow after a moment's silence, "may I get up and say my prayers again—this time more carefully?"

## Self Help

"Now, Mr. O'Brien, why can't you settle this case out of court?" the judge asked.

"That's just what me and McManis were doing, your honor, and then the police intervened."

## Improvement

"How's your daughter getting along in learning to drive your car?"

"A little better, thank you—the road is beginning to turn where she does."

## Proper Ratio

It requires hundreds of nuts to hold an automobile together—but only one to knock it apart.

## Hopeful Sign

There's some hope for a person who can listen to a sermon on repentance without thinking of his neighbors' activities at every illustration.

## The Housing Problem

"Didn't I see you and your wife in that new sidewalk cafe last night?"

"That was no cafe—that was our furniture."

Blaine Stake comprises five counties and is so large that some members fly by plane to meetings. Ferrin K. Manwill, president of Blaine Stake (left) and Ross Lee, pilot, flew seventy-five miles between counties one Sunday to attend meetings.—Reported by Mrs. John Larsen.





# IH and the IH dealer will do their level best for farmers in 1947!

ONLY one thing is *new* in that headline. International Harvester and the IH dealers have been doing their *level best* for generations in the interest of American agriculture.

So what's new in it? Well—there's that figure 1947. A brand-new season is coming up, and we believe that things are going to be a lot different.

In recent years, "level best" hasn't been good enough. . . . In every community in the land the farmers have been repairing and mending old equipment, and getting by—waiting in line at every dealer's door with patience and tempers wearing mighty thin. . . . Right this minute a thousand farmers are asking "When's my tractor coming, and those new machines that were promised me months ago?" It has been hard to take — for farmer and dealer and manufacturer alike.

Every farm operator knows that the Harvester Company has perfected many new products, competently engineered and tested, fully qualified to take to the fields. . . . Our problem now is to turn them out in quantity production for our millions of customers, from long established plants and from many new factories. Our hope for this new year is to keep assembly lines running without interruption until every man's need is satisfied.

The farmer who wants *competent winter service work* and the *latest news* about new equipment will be sure to see his International Harvester Dealer.



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY  
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

Remember that "FARMALL" is a registered trademark — Farmalls are made only by International Harvester.



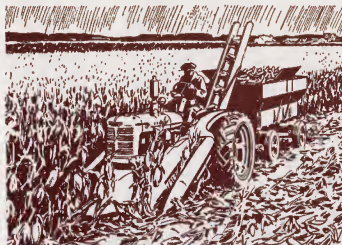
Above: International Mechanical Cotton Picker. New plant under construction at Memphis, Tenn., will build this machine in limited numbers this year.



Above: McCormick-Deering 123-SP Self-Propelled Combine. Other coming International developments: smaller combines, tractor touch-control, refrigeration.



Above: McCormick-Deering One-Man Pickup Twine Baler. Many other new hay machines are in various stages of development by International Harvester.



Above: The New International No. 24 2-Row Tractor-Mounted Corn Picker. Coming International machines include new 1-row corn pickers and cut-off corn pickers.

## INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

### Power Farming Equipment

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA  
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED  
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH



*February*  
**Month of Great Leaders**

A nation endures the shock and stress of adversity -- or it falls, amid suffering and hardship -- according to the courage and foresight of those who build it.

As with the nation, so with the family... and one of the safest cornerstones on which you can build is adequate life insurance.

**BENEFICIAL LIFE**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY**

George Albert Smith, Pres.

Salt Lake City, Utah